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DON'T GET TOO CLEVER

Dear NEW MASSES:

I like your magazine. I will write for you. I've been so damned rushed the past few years that I've not had time to read as I should. But I read a literary tramp piece in your last issue and smiled at the classical phrases which have no more to do with tramps than I have with the possible seduction of Coolidge. I'm doing Chaplin now for *Pictorial Review* and will then get my circus book ready for Boni—most of the stuff has been published. I've got tales of whores and tramps and other things that you fellows can only publish serially or in sketches, if at all. I intend to do some of them in the next few years—money cannot turn me from the things that ache around my heart. In *Jarnegan* you'll find that that poor devil liked all who struggled—I was a Union chain-maker—only one of twenty-six percent who remained loyal during trouble. I'm here now, rather tired, and trying to get a focus on things. I want to rest for a while after I get Boni fixed up on next years' two books, but I intend to do something that drips blood—it may even cause the *New Republic* menopause. If you people go on, I'll do something for you—not as propaganda—but with passion, pity and vitality, and I hope, understanding.

O. B. Stade, Hollywood Book Store took my subscription. He's your friend. Of course, I'm genuinely with you—but, Oh God, and his virgin mother—don't get too clever.

Jim Tully

TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Dear NEW MASSES:

The October NEW MASSES is clear-eyed, steady, vigorous, appealing, unified. It speaks the language of struggle for a workers' world. Do it again and again!

There is one other thing you should do. You should say to every boy and girl; to every young man and woman who dreams of the New World through pen or pencil or brush: "*This is your magazine. Write for it! Draw for it! Paint for it! Make it the battering-ram with which your generation smashes the confines of the old world! Send us your drawings and manuscripts! We pay for them—a little. But above all we offer you a chance to speak the language of the new social order.*"

Some thousands of young folks are waiting for just that signal.

Scott Nearing



DRAWING BY ADOLF DELU

CONFESSIONAL

"Go, my child, and sin no more!"

NEW MASSES

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A FIGHTING MAGAZINE

For a long time I have been praying for a fighting worker's magazine; and now, who can doubt the efficacy of prayer? The October NEW MASSES seems to me the best magazine I ever read. Of course that may be just my youthful fervor; I may not remember all the old *Masses*! But anyhow, Mike Gold's article is a trumpet call, which a lot of us will try to answer. Yossef Gaer reveals a new writer. *The Great God Valentino* is a fine piece of social criticism. Slim Martin and *Mine Shots* show us how the workers ought to write. And *Those Terrible Americans* is one of the most charming things I ever read about a strike. Also the story about the Czar in Hoboken—in fact, there isn't one really poor thing in this issue. I have only one mild suggestion. I don't understand these new cubist pictures, but I remember the cartoons the old *Masses* used to have from Art Young, Bob Minor, and Boardman Robinson. —And, oh, I forgot—the advertisement of the *Vanguard Press* on the back cover gives us one of the biggest pieces of news of our moment. Is it permitted to praise the ads?

Upton Sinclair

GROUCH DISAPPEARS

I feel very happy about the NEW MASSES since the last few issues. Doubtless it is just because you have got going. The first numbers of a magazine are always bad, but I was especially disappointed in the NEW MASSES. It seemed to me you had no standard of excellence at all, and no sense of humor. . . . In short, I had a terrible grouch on you, and it has disappeared entirely with the August and later numbers.

You are young again and you are funny, and you are beginning to subordinate your art-theories and sociological preoccupations to a general standard of excellence. In other words, you seem to have published most of the things in these numbers because you liked them.

Max Eastman

POUND JOINS THE REVOLUTION!

I find five numbers of NEW MASSES waiting me here on my return from Paris, and have read most of the text with a good deal of care. For the first time in years I have even gone so far as to think of making a trip to America; so you can take the blame for that if for nothing else.

If it's not too much trouble, send on any material about Passaic. John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, Nearing's *Dollar Diplomacy*, or whatever you think most necessary for my education.

Exra Pound



DRAWING BY M. A. T.

AMONG THE ASSES

or, the Immaculate Conception of the American Superman

MR. GOD IS NOT IN

A FARCE* — By HARBOR ALLEN

SCENE: An office with an air of prosperity, conventionality and efficiency. Desks, chairs, a small safe and filing cabinets. A door on the left is marked "Private." A door on the right is half open.

(Gabriel, who looks like a clerk, is trying to keep a young woman, poorly dressed, from entering the room).

GABRIEL: What do you want to see him for?

MINNIE: That ain't none of your business.

GABRIEL: Then you can't come in.

MINNIE: I gotta see 'im. I tell you, I gotta see 'im. Aw, lemme in. (She tries to rush past him).

GABRIEL: Here, stop it. You can't. It's against the laws—don't you— (The woman struggles to enter. Meanwhile a dapper fellow enters the room from the office on the left. He is thin-lipped, business-like, the apotheosis of the efficient secretary).

MINNIE: (Shrilly) You can't stop me. Try it once! Lemme in, I tell you! (She forces her way in, hustles him into the hall, slams the door, and locks him out).

GABRIEL: (Outside) Here, you can't do that. It isn't allowed. You come right out of there, do you hear?

MINNIE: Shut up.

GABRIEL: (Pounding on the door) Open the door, you—you slut!

PETER: (The secretary) Gabriel! No obscenities, if you please. (The woman turns. A primitive type, lean and fierce, she is nevertheless half-cowed by the secretary's air of efficiency. He brushes her aside and opens the door).

GABRIEL: (Entering) She's a tough one, sir. She pushed me out and locked the door on me.

PETER: You may go, Gabriel. I'll take care of her. (Gabriel leaves.)

PETER: (To Minnie) Well? (She stares. He takes a step toward her.) Well?

MINNIE: (Hesitating) I—I wanna see—Are you—? (Suddenly she breaks down and throws herself on her knees.) O God, help me, help me! Help me!

PETER: Get up!

MINNIE: I ain't got nobody else to go to now.

PETER: My dear woman, will you get up?

MINNIE: Not till you promise me you're gonna help me.

PETER: That sort of thing is not allowed around here. Get up at once! (He helps her up. With his foot he carefully straightens the rug. Then he brushes himself off.)

MINNIE: Are you him?

PETER: Who?

MINNIE: The Lord.

PETER: No. Of course, not.

MINNIE: Who are you then? (He doesn't answer: she isn't worth it.) What's the matter? Afraid to tell me who y'are?

PETER: If you must know, I'm his private secretary. My name's Peter. Now, if you tell me what you came for—

MINNIE: Oh, you're Saint Peter, ain't you?

PETER: I suppose that's what they call me. Popular mythology, anthropomorphic deities, and all that sort of bunk.

MINNIE: Ain't that funny? I always kinda thought you was just a fake the preachers kept pumpin' the hot air about. But you ain't, are you? (Awed.) Saint Peter! (She goes down on her knees again.)

PETER: (Vexed) Say! Stop that, can you! (She scrambles to her feet and he worries with the rug again.)

PETER: (Talking to himself more or less) They all do that, these ignorant people. Wearing a hole right through that priceless Persian rug presented to us by the Borgias. (To Minnie) Well, what do you want? Be quick about it. Time's valuable around here.

MINNIE: (Simply) I wanna see God.

PETER: What do you want to see him for?

MINNIE: I want to pray to him—

PETER: Yes, yes. What do you want to get from him.

MINNIE: Help. He's gotta help me. I'm sick. I'm poor. I got troubles. Terrible troubles.

PETER: We all have those, rich and poor alike.

MINNIE: (Persistently) I wanna see God.

PETER: (Lying) God's not in.

MINNIE: They told me God's always in for the poor and the sick. They told me God's everywhere.

PETER: Don't be silly. How could he be everywhere at once? It isn't rational. (There is a loud laugh from the Private Office.)

MINNIE: That's him. That's him. I know it's him. (She rushes for the door. Peter goes after her and holds her back.)

PETER: You can't go in there. That office is private. Where do you think you are, butting in everywhere like that?

MINNIE: (Fiercely) I'm in heaven, ain't I?

PETER: Offices in heaven are private like anywhere else.

MINNIE: Private! Private! That don't mean nothin' to me. You lied to me. You said God wasn't in. He is in. I wanna see God.

PETER: God's in conference.

MINNIE: (Desperately) I tell you, I gotta see him. He'd help me if he knew. My kids are hungry. I'm sick. I'm gonna have another kid. He's gotta help me. There ain't nobody else that can.

PETER: (Bored) That may all be very true, but it's old stuff, old stuff. For the last five thousand years people have been trooping in here one after another with sob stories about hungry children. I wish they'd put some of these new fangled Marxian theories in practice down there on earth if only to give us a rest. My God, I'm tired of this job. (God, a stout man who looks like a comic strip capitalist from his bald head to the diamond stud in his tie and the spats on his pudgy feet, comes out of the office on the left. Laughing, he carries a cheap-looking magazine open in his hand.)

GOD: Did I hear you use my name, Peter?

PETER: Yes, sir.

GOD: Just don't use it in vain, that's all.

PETER: No, sir.

GOD: And Peter, you might send a note to the heavenly editorial staff complimenting them in my name on the last issue of *Celestial Confessions*. (He thumbs the magazine.) It's good. Very good. In fact, you might tell them it's almost as amusing as *Infernal Frolics*, published by the firm in the basement. (He opens to a page, chuckles, turns over, and chuckles again.) Listen to this: "He took me in his arms and his wings beat passionately in the air. 'My angel!' I cried, as we floated away gently on a cloud." (Peter tries to signal to him the presence of Minnie, but he is too absorbed. Chuckling.) Here's another. This is even better. (He reads and laughs in a salacious manner.) Well, well, now who'd

have thought that of James? Listen to this: "Then St. James took us to his room and—" (Suddenly he becomes aware of Peter's signals) Huh? What? Oh—oh, yes. (He turns and sees Minnie.)

PETER: (Taking the magazine suavely from him) A woman to see you, sir.

GOD: Yes, quite so. (He assumes an official manner.) You wish to see me?

MINNIE: Are you God?

GOD: That's me.

MINNIE: (After an uncertain pause) You don't look like God.

GOD: Peter?

PETER: You look all right to me, sir.

GOD: The mirror, please. (Peter hands him a mirror in which he inspects himself.)

MINNIE: You look just like the boss in the mills I used to work fer.

GOD: Peter. (He indicates a circle about his head.)

PETER: Yes, sir. (From a drawer he gets a wire halo which he fastens to the back of God's collar.) There you are, sir.

GOD: (To Minnie) Now, what can I do for you?

MINNIE: I need help, God. My man, he—

GOD: Just a minute. What's your name?

MINNIE: Minnie Blunt.

GOD: Do you pray, Minnie?

MINNIE: Well, not very often. You see—

GOD: Just a minute. Peter?

PETER: Yes, sir. (Peter goes to the filing cabinet in the rear.) B—Bl—Blunt, Blunt. (Turning.) There's no record here, sir. There's a Mamie Blunt, but no Minnie.

GOD: You haven't prayed lately, I fear, Minnie. We have no record in the card index system.

MINNIE: (Defiant) I ain't had no time to think about prayin'.

GOD: That's bad, Minnie. Very bad.

MINNIE: I gotta work day and night to keep the kids clean and well and going to school. And Charlie—that's my man—last week Charlie—he—he— (She is about to break down again, her breath coming in gasps.)

GOD: (Impatiently) Yes, that's too bad. Too bad. But—er—I'm rather busy now, Minnie. Peter?

* For the Worker's Theatre.

PETER: Yes, sir?

GOD: A blank.

PETER: (*From the drawer of the desk*) Here you are, sir.

GOD: You just sit down in the outer office there, Minnie, and fill out this blank. Name, age, married or single, occupation, husband's occupation, political views—that's very important—church affiliations, education, income tax, petty sins, major sins, and so forth and so on. Hand it to Peter when you're through. I'll have the Board consider it and we'll see what we can do. You take care of her, Peter.

PETER: Yes, sir. (*God sighs in relief and starts toward office.*)

MINNIE: God, I can't tell you this way. You gotta listen to me. It ain't only me. There's thousands like me. You gotta listen to me, God.

GOD: Don't you see how busy I am, Minnie? Fill out the blank. That'll be enough.

MINNIE: No. I won't. It's your business to listen to me.

PETER: Minnie, calm yourself. We can't stop and listen to idle stories. We've got to be efficient. We get thousands of petitions like yours. It will be filed and attended to when we get around to it.

MINNIE: Petitions! Blanks! You'd think I was in a shyster's office. I won't let 'im go till he listens to me. (*She seizes God by the coat tails. He tries, with Peter's help, to escape.*)

GOD: Minnie!

PETER: Woman! That's sacrilege! (*In the midst of the struggle, the door opens to admit Gabriel.*)

GABRIEL: Right this way, gentlemen! (*He goes out. Enter a large, florid, pompous man in a cutaway, and a drab, wizened little fellow with a sour face. All are taken aback. Minnie, nonplussed, releases God. Peter removes her through the right door.*)

ROACH: (*The large man, a glib talker*) Pardon me. I take it I am speaking to God.

GOD: That's me.

ROACH: Permit me to introduce myself, God. I am the Rev. Billy Rolls-Roach, D. D., LL. D., F. R. C. S. E., general secretary of the Christian Fundamentals Society of the World, the Bible Crusaders of the Universe, and the Anti-Evolution League of the Western Hemisphere.

GOD: The pleasure is mine. (*They shake hands.*)

ROACH: This (*Pointing to the little fellow*) is Judge John D. Dispepsy. Judge Dispepsy is owner of two steel mills, three mines, and a string of

Florida hotels with a bible in each room. It is he who magnanimously provides the money with which we are enabled to fight for the salvation of the world in Jesus' name.

DISPEPSY: (*Loudly*) Amen!

GOD: (*Sanctimoniously*) Amen!

DISPEPSY: Pleased to meetcha, God. (*They shake.*)

ROACH: When the great prophet Bryan—

DISPEPSY: May his soul rest in peace.

GOD: Amen!



ROACH: (*Rhetorically, with a hand on Dispepsy*) When the great Bryan fell and died leading the gallant charge for the kingdom of heaven on earth, the standard of the pious was caught up by this noble, God-fearing, Christian business man of Clearwater, Florida, and today the flag of Fundamentalism is borne aloft and the heart of every pious American and every soldier of the Cross and every lover of religious liberty is stirred as never before, and every one is nerved for the great battle which will never end until every Evolutionist and every Infidel and every Anti-Christ is driven from the pulpits and the tax-supported schools of America! (*He ends in a burst of soap-box rhetoric.*)

DISPEPSY: A-men!

GOD: Splendid! I am heartily in accord.

ROACH: (*Ecstatic*) God, do you know that the theory of evolution is sweeping the world and is causing the very foundations of liberty, morals, and Christianity to totter?

GOD: Indeed?

ROACH: (*Approaching and shaking his finger in God's face*) Do you know that godless men are teaching young, innocent, and impressionable minds that your own son, the Saviour Jesus Christ, was not immaculately conceived?

GOD: No! How dare they?

ROACH: Do you know that scientists now claim Christ did not come down from heaven, but that he came up from the jungle, from a monkey with a tail?

GOD: This is intolerable!

ROACH: (*Mournfully*) G.o.d, my good friend God, do you know that these men are trying to do away with you? Before you know it, God, people won't believe that you exist any more!

GOD: (*Pounding the desk*) I won't stand for it. I won't stand for it. (*Walking up and down.*) But what am I to do? What am I to do?

ROACH: Send down a bolt of lightning or a plague to exterminate these mind-poisoners, these faith-destroyers, these vile, blasphemous, unholy creatures.

DISPEPSY: Amen!

GOD: No. . . No, I can't do that. The day of the plagues, I fear, is passed.

ROACH: Then at least you can endorse our campaign and sign a statement saying that you yourself wrote the bible and created the world in six days as per Genesis.

GOD: (*Hesitating*) Well—as a matter of fact, you see I really *didn't* write the bible.

ROACH: (*Starting*) What is this you say? You didn't—write—the—

GOD: I don't do detail work like that. I'm a high-priced executive, don't you understand, gentlemen? The bible was written by the celestial editorial staff. (*He rings.*)

PETER: (*Entering*) Did you ring, sir?

GOD: Peter, you read the proofs of the bible, did you not?

PETER: Indeed, I did, sir. And what a time I had with all that queer-looking Hebrew language. I remember it well.

GOD: There, gentlemen. I trust that is satisfactory.

ROACH: Perfectly. Now, if you will affix your signature here, God—

GOD: Hm. . . my spectacles, Peter.

ROACH: Ah, let me read it for you. (*Rhetorically*) This is to certify that I, Almighty God, who created all earth and man, as I have heretofore explained in Genesis, believe that the hour has come when evangelical Christians must heed the scriptural

injunction to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints, and must organize to establish the rising generation in the orthodox faith of the fathers, to war against modernism, to promote faith in the miracles, the immaculate conception, and all the other doctrines of historical Christianity, and to secure effective legislation in every country in the world against the insidious spread of the un-Christian doctrine of evolution. To the Christian Fundamentals Society of the World, the Bible Crusaders of the Universe, and the Anti-Evolution League of the Western Hemisphere, I give my heartiest personal endorsement. Signed—

GOD: (*Signing*) God!

ROACH: This meeting has been a great pleasure to us, I assure you. (*Patting God on the back.*) God, old chap, remember if you are ever in trouble you can always count on your warm friends, the Rev. Billy Rolls-Roach and the magnanimous Christian gentleman from Florida, Judge John D. Dispepsy.

GOD: That's very kind of you.

ROACH: Good day.

DISPEPSY: Goo' bye.

GOD and PETER: Good day. Good-bye. Come again. (*They leave, Roach pompously, Dispepsy shuffling. Peter dances attendance to them out the door.*)

MINNIE: (*Entering the moment they are out*) Honest, I can't fill this out. I'm all upset, what with worryin and my man—

PETER: (*Returning*) Minnie! I told you not to—

MINNIE: (*Ignoring him*) God, won't you listen to me?

GOD: Why don't you do what you're told to do, Minnie?

GABRIEL: (*Announcing at the door*) Right this way gentlemen. (*He goes out.*)

GOD: There, you see. More conferences, Minnie. What am I to do? (*Two men appear at the door.*) Come in, gentlemen. (*Peter takes Minnie out again. The visitors are business men of the alert type, both dressed in dapper Fifth Avenue fashion, both with long cigars in their mouths, papers in their pockets, portfolios under their arms, and an air of consuming important.*)

BULL: This is God, I gather?

GOD: That's me.

BULL: Pleased to meetcha, God. My name is Bull. This is my partner, Durham. Bull and Durham. (*Handing God a card.*) Advertising and publicity specialists. (*Shakes God's hand.*) We are both very much interested in selling religion to the common people.

GOD: Is that so?

DURHAM: Yes. We've written a book called *Christ, The Original Go-Getter*. It proves absolutely that your own son, Jesus Christ, was the best salesman in Palestine and the Near East. A remarkable book, God, with a complete analysis of the salesmanship methods by which the young man sold high-pressure Christianity to the world.

GOD: Well, well, who would have thought that of the lad?

BULL: It's a book, sir, no man who calls himself educated can do without. An indispensable book in office, home, school, factory, church, or paradise. (*Draws a thick book from the folio.*) Do you know how many bushels of olives were sold the day after the sermon on the Mount of Olives?

GOD: Why—no—I—

BULL: Do you know how much the tabloid and moving picture rights for Gethsemane were worth?

GOD: Now let's see. Well, to be frank—

BULL: Do you know who syndicated the *True Confessions of Mother Mary* and to how many newspapers?

GOD: Who, I'm afraid—

DURHAM: (*Shaking his head*) Really, God, a man in your high executive position—t-t-t-t-t!

GOD: (*Shamefaced*) Well, you see I'm a busy man. How much did you say the book costs?

BULL: Five dollars down and a dollar a week until millenium. Sign right here, sir. (*God signs.*) And here's the book. No, wait. (*Magnanimously.*) I'll autograph it for you. There! Five dollars, please. (*God rings. Peter appears.*)

GOD: Make out a check for \$5 to this gentleman, Peter.

PETER: How shall I list it?

GOD: Books.

PETER: (*Shaking his head*) You know how the executive board feels about spending money for books, sir. Especially since you never read them.

GOD: (*Irritably*) I'll take care of the board, Peter. (*Peter makes out the check for Bull.*)

DURHAM: (*Offers God a long cigar*) Smoke?

GOD: Thanks. (*Smells*) Hm, Havana. (*He lights up. Both sit down.*)

DURHAM: Now, God, what we really came to talk to you about is a little project we have in mind. You see, the whole world has been made absolutely efficient, thoroughly purified for big business. There isn't a village anywhere that hasn't already been boosted nor an empty lot that hasn't been boomed. So we

have been sent here as representatives of the Rokiwanary Clubs of the Solar System to help you launch a campaign for a Bigger and Better Heaven. What are your latest census figures?

GOD: Peter!

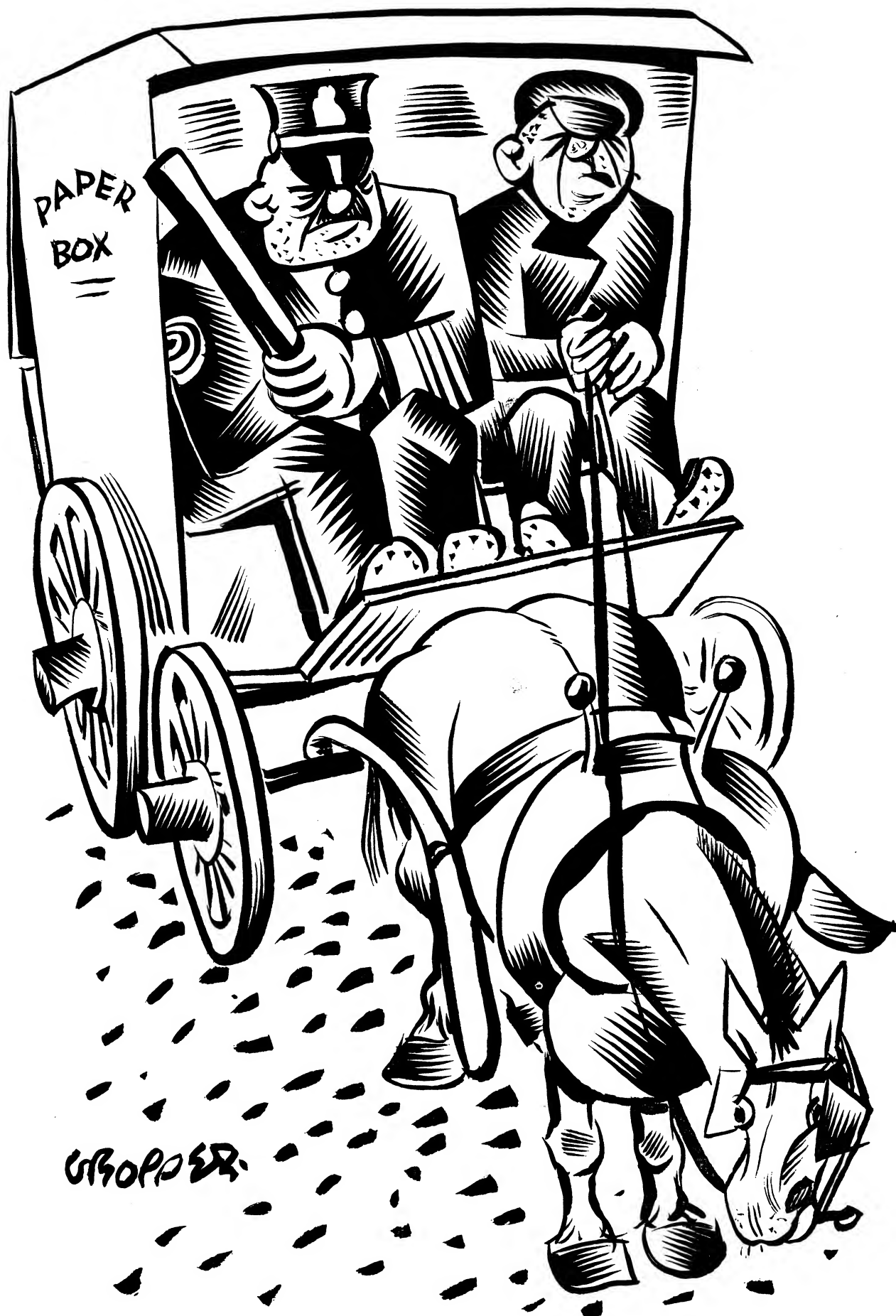
PETER: Yes, sir?

GOD: Our latest census figures.

PETER: (*Whipping out his note book*) 22,869,103 to be exact, sir.

Of course, that doesn't include the 8,426 in the non-Nordic section or the 31 in the Jim Crow division.

DURHAM: And what is the population of hell?



THE NEW YORK BOX WORKERS' STRIKE

COP: Ain't youse de guy wot was sent up las' year fer forgin' your bosses' check?

SCAB: Sure t'ing! Dis strike got me a pardon. De boss knew he could depend on a guy like me.



DRAWING BY M. A. T.

LOCKOUT VICTIMS

The slight demand for the cheaper grades of spiritual goods has caused a shut-down of some of the biggest superstition factories in Mexico.

PETER: They claim over 80 million. But then, hell always cheats. Besides, they accept aliens, radicals, actors, artists and other such riff-raff, whereas we are accessible only to citizens of solid worth and substantial social position.

BULL: Ah, but you are being left behind.

DURHAM: Hell is growing more powerful.

BULL: Hell is doing better advertising.

DURHAM: Hell is making a stronger appeal.

BULL: Smart people have begun to prefer to go to hell.

DURHAM: Can you allow that, God?

BULL: Are you willing to sit back and become a back number, a second rate resort?

GOD: But what am I to do? We haven't enough room for more. They

are sitting three and four on a single cloud already.

BULL: Then lease more space from the nearest solar system.

DURHAM: That's the idea. Expansion, God, expansion. The whole world is expanding and you don't want to be left out of it, do you?

BULL: Let me tell you what you need. First, a good brisk advertising campaign. Posters, circulars, car ads, handbills, electric signs on public squares. A few good slogans, such as—

DURHAM: "Heaven Wants You."

BULL: "You Won't Be Lonesome With Us."

DURHAM: "It's Hell Not to Be in Heaven."

BULL: "See Heaven First."

DURHAM: How about a few miracles?

GOD: No. No miracles. I've tried them recently. They don't get across the way they used to.

BULL: Nonsense. You leave it to us. Together with our old friend the Rev. Billy Rolls-Roach, whom we met on the way, *we'll* take care of the miracles.

DURHAM: You'll also need some good road signs on the way up.

BULL: And an electric flash over the Golden Gate. "Welcome to God's Own Country!"

DURHAM: "Free Camping Sites for Tourists."

BULL: "Clouds for Sale Cheap."

DURHAM: I tell you, God, such a campaign would put heaven back on the map.

BULL: And it would cost you only—*(he makes notations on a piece of paper)*—only 499,999 dollars and 98 cents.

DURHAM: And 15 per cent for our services.

BULL: Total: 507,499 dollars and 96 cents.

GOD: Hm. What do you say, Peter?

PETER: It seems like a lot of money to me, sir.

BULL: It's a bargain.

DURHAM: Dirt cheap!

BULL: As a matter of fact, we usually charge 20 per cent for our services.

DURHAM: It's only because this is such a noble, Christian project, that we have agreed to undertake it at such a personal loss.

BULL: Besides, hell is already "sold" on the idea.

GOD: Oh, are you going to do the same thing for hell?

DURHAM: Yes. The gentleman below was keen about it.

BULL: Fairly ate it up.

DURHAM: God, can you afford to hesitate?

GOD: Are you going to manage both campaigns?

BULL: Why not?

GOD: At the same time?

DURHAM: Of course.

GOD: But I say—

BULL: Oh, you mustn't let sentimentality interfere with business, God.

GOD: No, but—

DURHAM: Think of the publicity value: Heaven versus Hell. The upper world pitted against the lower in a battle for souls. Think of how the sport writers will eat it up.

DURHAM: That's the idea, God. Friendly rivalry and sportsmanship. *(Clapping God on the back.)* And above all, God's a good sport. Eh, what?

GOD: *(Yielding)* What do you think, Peter?

BULL: *(Shoving a paper under his nose)* The contract's all drawn up. Here's where you sign. *(Forcing a pen in his hand.)*

GOD: Eh, Peter?

PETER: Suit yourself, sir. But you know how the executive board feels about our expenditures.

BULL: *(Moving the pen in God's reluctant hand.)* Yes, sir. That's the way. *(God has signed almost before he knows it.)*

BULL: *(Pocketing the contract)* So! *(Shaking hands with God.)* I'm sure you will have nothing to regret.

DURHAM: We will do our utmost for heaven's sake. Smoke? *(A cigar to God.)* Smoke? *(A cigar to Peter. Both accept with nods.)*

BULL: Good day, gentlemen.

DURHAM: Good day to you.

GOD and PETER: Good day, good day. *(They go out arm in arm, keeping step.)*

GOD: *(After a pause.)* Well, that's that.

PETER: A lot of money, sir.

GOD: But worth it.

PETER: The intellectuals will say all that advertising is vulgar, sir.

GOD: *(Irritably)* I wish you'd stop throwing the intellectuals up at me all the time. They never did take much stock in me anyway. All they care about is logic, rationalism. I'm not rational.

PETER: *(Losing control)* That's just it, sir.

GOD: *(Angry)* That's just it: you are. You're getting entirely too rational to suit me, Peter. I'm beginning to think even you don't believe in me any more.

PETER: Have I ever intimated such a thing, sir?

GOD: No, not directly. But if you don't look out, there's going to be another secretary around here, that's all I can say.

PETER: I'm very efficient, sir. I shouldn't have any trouble getting another job.

GOD: *(Sneering)* With the resort in the basement, I suppose?

PETER: They pay more than you, sir. Union wages.

GOD: So? No doubt they've already approached you on the subject?

PETER: That's not altogether impossible.

GOD: Indeed? And when are you leaving us, if I may ask?

PETER: At once, if you say so.

GOD: *(Melting)* Now, now, Peter. Don't be a fool. How much have they offered you?

PETER: Double what I get here.

GOD: Hm. A lot of money. I'll have to take it up with the board. You know how the board feels about expenditures! But I'll do my best for you, Peter.

PETER: Thank you, sir.

GOD: *(Yawning)* Well, I hope that's all for today. People don't realize what it means to run a place like this. *(At his watch)* Two o'clock. How about a little golf?

PETER: That was just what I was thinking.

GOD: I'll get the clubs. *(He starts to go. Minnie enters.)*

MINNIE: God!

GOD: Holy Jerusalem! You still here?

MINNIE: I'm still waitin' for you, God.

GOD: I told you I haven't any time.

MINNIE: You had time for them others, all right.

GOD: Those were important religious delegates.

MINNIE: Yeh! I heard what kinda delegates they was.

GOD: You heard? Peter, how did she hear us?

MINNIE: I listened at the door.

PETER: She listened at the door, sir.

GOD: Oh, very well. Go ahead with your spiel. Only make it short. I'm a tired business man. *(He sits down gloomily in a chair.)*

MINNIE: It's about my man, God.

GOD: What about him?

MINNIE: My man — he — he got killed.

GOD: What can I do about it? I can't bring him alive again. The scientists wouldn't stand for it.

MINNIE: But you can help me and the kids. Where else can I go for help! I went to a preacher, but all he said was I should call on God.

GOD: Were you married to this man, Minnie?

MINNIE: Sure. What you think I am?

GOD: How'd he get killed?

MINNIE: He was excavatin' for one of them skyscrapers and some rock fell down on 'im. Smashed 'im. Smashed 'im flat. God, you shoulda seen the way they brought him home

—all smashed and bloody. He was a good-lookin' guy, my man was. Big and strong as a horse. He had blue eyes and yella hair that sorta kept hangin' down over his eyes. And he was good to me, too. He didn't beat me much, 'cept when he got drunk. You can't blame a man for drinkin' a drop when he's gotta work so hard. He was good to the kids, too. Always bringin' 'em somethin' home from the ten cent store: one of them little jumpin' monkeys, or some choc'late drops or a balloon or somethin'. The kids was crazy about 'im. He was kinda spoilin' 'em, I'd always tell 'im. But then he'd always say, "God knows, they ain't gonna have life none too easy." He was jist gettin' the new furniture paid off and things was goin' kinda nice and then—one day they brought 'im home smashed. Smashed flat. *(She rocks a little.)* And he was a swell lookin' man, he was. You shoulda seen 'im, God. He was sorta big and clean-lookin', and then—then—they brought him home smashed.

GOD: *(After a pause.)* Hm. That's too bad, too bad. *(Rising.)* Now, you leave your blank with my secretary—*(Minnie starts to object but is silenced by a gesture)*—and—Peter! *(Quietly)* Fix her up, will you?

PETER: How much, sir?

GOD: Oh—one. *(Generously.)* No. make it two. *(He starts out.)*

MINNIE: God—

GOD: Now, now, Minnie. No more. I've just given Peter complete instruction. *(He goes out. Peter goes to a safe and takes two bills. These he flourishes grandly into Minnie's hand.)*

PETER: Here you are, Minnie. One, two.

MINNIE: What's that for?

PETER: *(Patronizing)* Oh, a little contribution from God—and myself. Your blank. *(He removes the paper from her hand as she stands dazed before him.)* Why, you haven't filled it out! It's got to be completely filled out, Minnie. *(He returns it.)*

MINNIE: *(Staring at the money)* Conterbution. Conterbution. Say, what you think I am, a beggar? *(Growing suddenly furious)* Here, take your lousy two dollars. Two dollars. *(She throws the money in his face.)* Blanks! Name, age, married, sins. *(She tears the blank to bits and hurls them at him.)* There! There!

PETER: Then you'd better go. That's all we can do for you.

MINNIE: No. I won't go. I want what's comin' to me.

PETER: I'll have you thrown out.

MINNIE: All right. Throw me out! Throw me out! I'd rather be in hell

any day. All my life I been told God'd help me. I struggled and sacrificed, and my man he struggled and sacrificed, and the kids they suffered and hungered. But we didn't mind 'cause we thought God'd help us in the end. Help us! That's funny! *(She laughs.)* That big fat mutt help us! *(Turning on him fiercely.)* You're a fake, that's what you are. All heaven's a fake. It's just a big fraud to keep us poor people from gettin' what's comin' to us. "You'll get pie in the sky when you die." Yeah! The hell you will!

PETER: That's blasphemy. Sacrilege! Gabriel!! Gabriell!!

GABRIEL: *(Entering)* Yes, sir.

PETER: Put this woman out.

GABRIEL: Yes, sir. *(As he approaches her, she strikes him in the face. He staggers back. She glares at them, a veritable tigress.)*

MINNIE: Touch me. Touch me, why why don'tcha! I dare you to. *(For a long moment the men glare at her, not daring to move. The right door opens. Enter a timid little woman, poorly dressed.)*

WOMAN: *(Timidly)* Please, may I see God? *(A pause. All turn toward her.)*

PETER: *(Sharply)* God's busy.

MINNIE: What you wanna see God for?

PETER: You keep out of this.

MINNIE: You shut up.

WOMAN: My man got killed in a mine and I—I wanna ask God—if he can't help me and the kids.

MINNIE: Help you? Say, that's good. You won't get any help around this joint unless you got something sell.

WOMAN: But what can I do? ?

MINNIE: Go back to earth and take what's comin' to you. That's what I'm going to do. Come along. *(She takes the woman by the hand and out they go. The two men stand watching them depart.)*

GABRIEL: My! Isn't she a wild cat!

PETER: There's been entirely too much of this Red stuff lately. A little advertising won't be a bad thing, after all. *(He goes to God's door.)*

PETER: God?

GOD: *(Peevish)* What now?

PETER: She's gone.

GOD: *(Appearing cautiously)* Thank the saints.

PETER: How about that game of golf?

GOD: First rate.

PETER: Gabriel, the clubs. *(They start off.)*

(CURTAIN)

FOUR POEMS

By **LANGSTON HUGHES**

BRASS SPITTOONS

Clean the brass spittoons, boy.
 Detroit,
 Chicago,
 Atlantic City,
 Palm Beach.
 Clean the spittoons.
 The steam in hotel kitchens,
 And the smoke in hotel lobbies,
 And the slime in hotel spittoons:
 Part of my life.
 Hey, boy!
 A nickle,
 A dime,
 A dollar,
 Two dollars a day.
 Hey, boy!
 A nickle,
 A dime,
 A dollar,
 Two dollars
 Buys shoes for the baby.
 House rent to pay,
 Gin on Saturday,
 Church on Sunday.
 My God!

Babies and gin and church
 and women and Sunday all
 mixed up with dimes and
 dollars and clean spittoons
 and house rent to pay.

Hey, boy!

A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord,
 Bright polished brass like the cymbals
 of King David's danc'ers,
 Like the wine cups of Solomon.

Hey, Boy!

A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord,
 A clean, bright spittoon all newly polished,
 At least I can offer that.

Come 'ere, boy!

SATURDAY NIGHT

Play it once.
 O, play some more.
 Charlie is a gambler
 An' Sadie is a whore.
 A glass o' whiskey
 An' a glass o' gin:
 Strut, Mr. Charlie
 Till de dawn comes in.

Pawn yo' gold watch
 An' diamond ring.
 Git a quart o' licker,
 Let's shake dat thing!
 Skee-de-dad! De-dad!
 Doo-doo-doo!
 Won't be nothin' left
 When de worms git through
 An' you's a long
 Time dead
 When you is
 Dead, too.
 So beat dat drum, boy!
 Shout dat song:
 Shake 'em up an' shake 'em up
 All night long.
 Hey! Hey!
 Ho... Hum!
 Do it, Mr. Charlie,
 Till de red dawn come.

ARGUMENT

Now lookahere, gal,
 Don't you talk 'bout me.
 I got mo' hair 'n you evah did see,
 An' if I ain't high yaller
 I ain't coal black,
 So what you said 'bout me
 You bettah take it back.

Now, listen, Corrine,
 I don't talk 'bout you.
 I's got much mo'
 Important things to do.

All right, gal,
 But I'm speakin' ma mind:
 You bettah keep yo' freight train
 Off ma line.

THE NEW GIRL

That little yaller gal
 Wid blue-green eyes;
 If her daddy ain't white
 Would be a surprise.

She don't drink gin
 An' she don't like corn.
 I asked her one night
 Where she was born.

An' she say, Honey,
 I don't know
 Where I come from
 Or where I go.

That crazy little yaller gal
 Wid blue-green eyes:
 If her daddy ain't fay
 Would be a surprise.

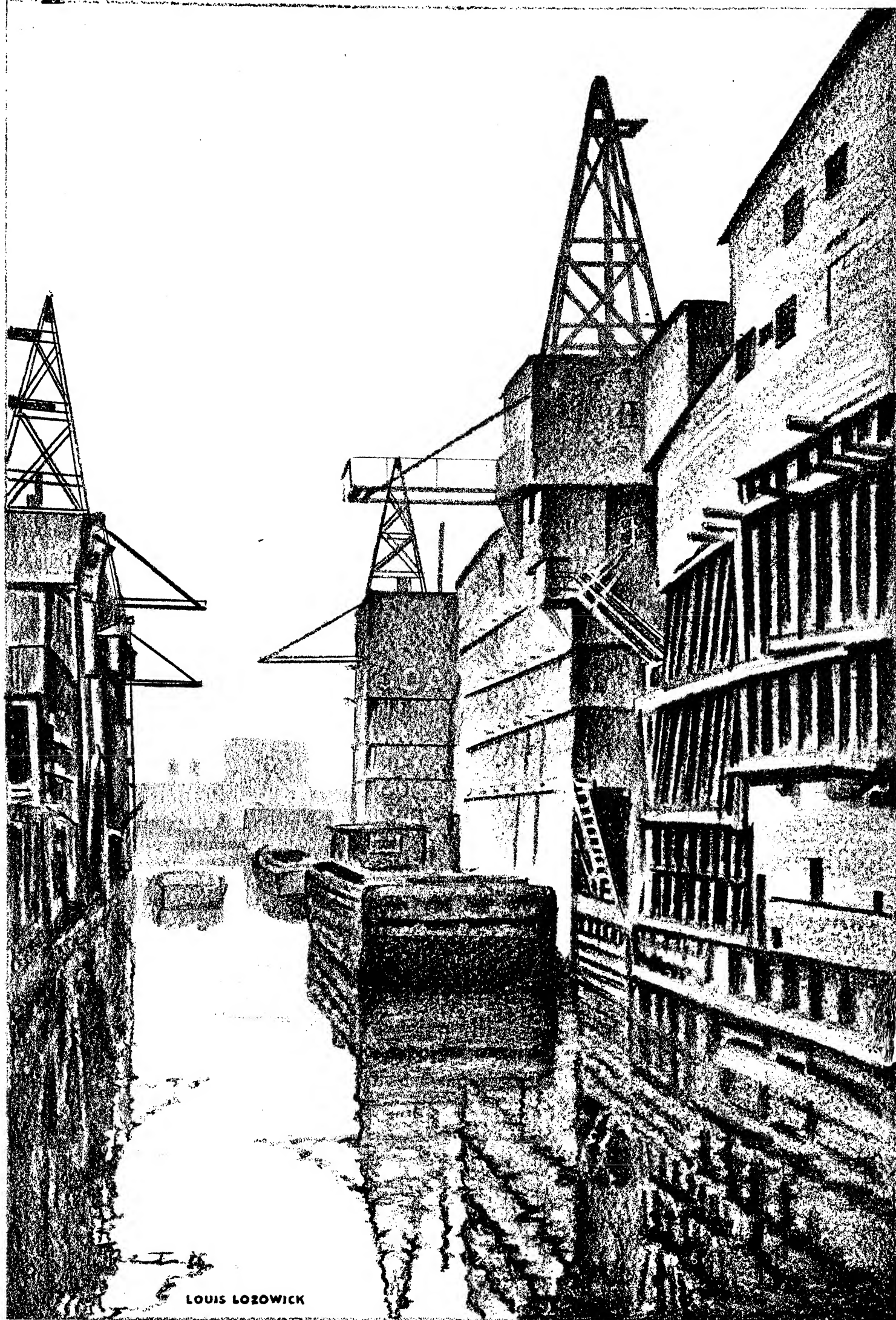
An' there she sets a cryin'
 In de cabaret
 A lookin' all sad
 When she ought to play.

My God, I says,
 You can't live that way!
 Babe, you can't
 Live that way!



MY HARVEST

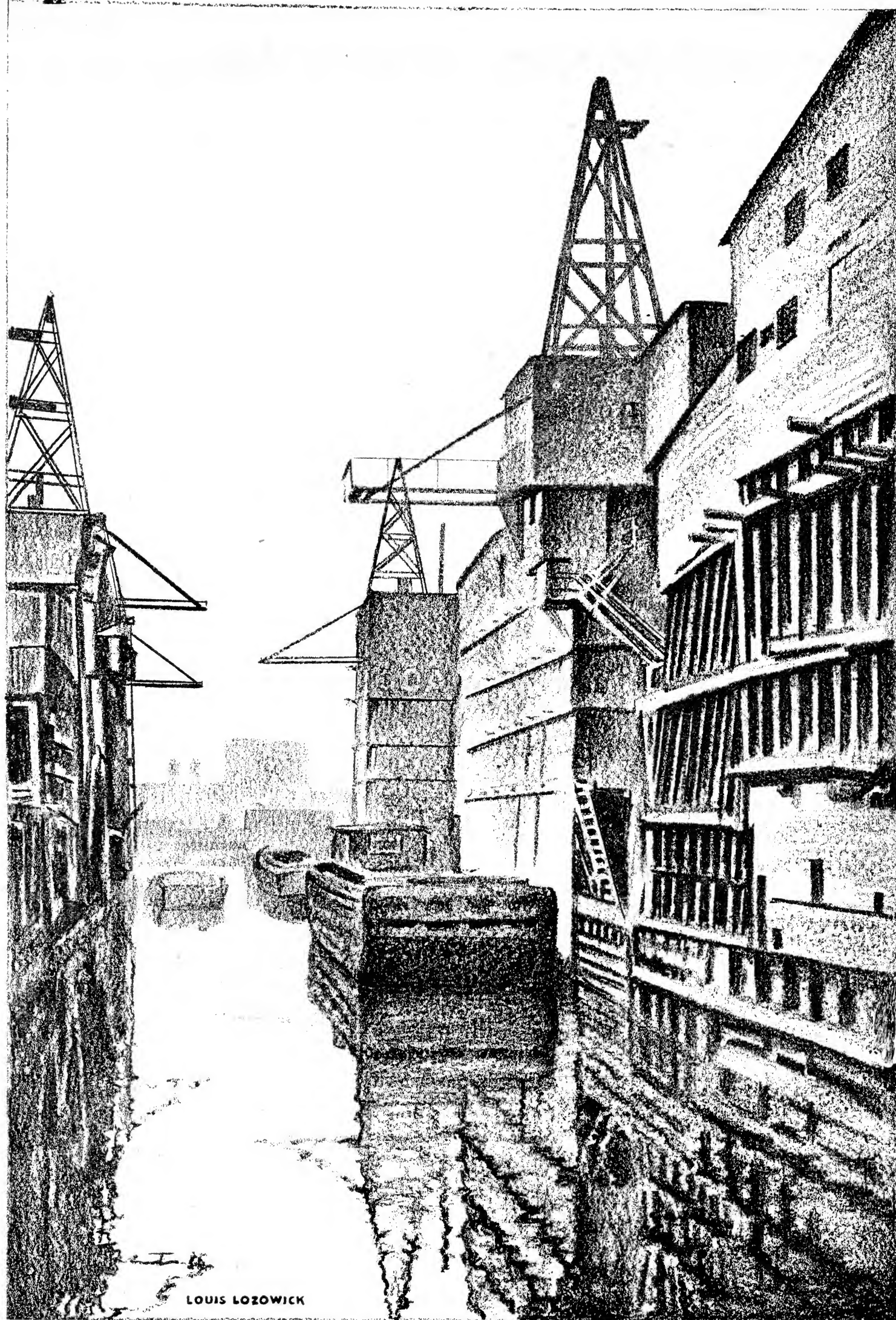
WANDA GAG
 DRAWING BY WANDA GAG



LOUIS LOZOWICK

DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

THE BARGE CANAL



THE BARGE CANAL

DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

MENSHEVIZING WALT WHITMAN

By MAX EASTMAN

AS AN interpreter of Walt Whitman,* Emory Holloway is a Menshevik. He bears the same relation to Whitman that the German Social Democrats do to Marx, or the Christian ministers to Jesus of Nazareth. He likes the revolutionary gospel of Walt Whitman as an idea in his head; but as a dynamic reality, an attitude and motion of the brain and nerve-matter and the muscles that manipulate the bones of his body, he knows nothing about it. Walt Whitman never put his arm around Emory Holloway and led him out into the open road, never purged him of negations, never liberated him into the gigantic and confident love of nature and the natural life of a man and a democrat. This is all too evident in Holloway's book. The tendency of his book is not to interpret Walt Whitman, but to sterilize him, tame him, bring him into the house and up to the table, take the great rebel heart, the candor and courageous freedom of the storms and the planetary systems in heaven, out of his poetry.

Holloway makes much of every wavering, every descent of Walt Whitman from the height of himself—the inevitable moments of compromise. He seems to be grooming this poet for the Hall of Fame. And the sad process will be complete in a few years when Walt Whitman is elected and installed there by the votes of an assembly that accept his memory only because they are at last convinced that he is safely and securely dead.

Walt Whitman was the prophet of a twentieth century candor, and yet Holloway writes about him with a Victorian reticence. He is so afraid to bring forward certain honest words which tell what he means, that in critical points he becomes almost unintelligible. The fact he fails to state is that Walt Whitman was strongly homosexual, and at certain periods of his life very passionately in love with himself. Some of those articles he wrote anonymously about himself are rapturous love-songs. Without stating this fact and discussing in simplicity its position and importance in his life and poetry, it is foolish to pretend to interpret him or tell the story of him.

Walt Whitman was also the prophet of a freedom and affirmativeness more revolutionary than any revolution. His gospel will survive many revolutions. His was a revolt against the negation and the limitation in-

involved from the beginning in the very fact of civilization itself, a declaration of animal and cosmic independence. Only on such words can you intimate his position in literature, only so explain why his utterance can be placed without falsity beside that of Plato and Shakespeare. At a gesture, at a line from the poem that is Walt Whitman, all the tight little negative moralisms of what we call Christian culture dwindle and slink away. A rat-hole is too big for them. And yet Emory Holloway attempts to judge and measure Walt Whitman with those same little negative moralisms.

attendant blessings. His friendship with men would have been purified, relieved of that peculiar sentimentality which expressed itself in caresses . . . Friendship might then have developed into a useful, wholesome comradeship in work, something about which he new little, rather than perpetual indulgence in loafing on the open road."

Can anyone help asking *why* this tight-laced and husbandly person should want to immerse himself in the study of Walt Whitman—imbibe and absorb and adopt him until he becomes a kind of guardian authority on him? Is it because in his own

the place of that life which he has every intention of not living. It is the same with the Right Reverend successors of Him who had not where to lay his head. It is the same with the German Social Democrats, who spent a half century "believing in" a proletarian revolution, only to shoot down the workers when the day of reality came. Some such general psychological truth lies behind that distinction Lenin established between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, between "fighters" and "reasoners," as he used to call them, "workers" and "blabbers."

Like so many Mensheviks, Emory Holloway has done an excellent service of scholarship. He has assembled the facts and the documents essential to a realistic conception of Walt Whitman's life. What with mystic adoration on one side, and polite astonishment on the other, this had not been done. But to call this faithful assemblage of materials definitive biography, as the publishers do, is entirely misleading. What Holloway has done, in this book and his other two volumes, the *Uncollected Poetry and Prose*, is to advance for the first time clearly the question that some day a biographer of Walt Whitman may be able to answer: the question of the interior and exterior cause and the significance of his pronounced doubleness of character. How did this cheaply pious and sentimentally commonplace small-town journalist-politician with a bent for respectable and half-hearted social reform, who had achieved at thirty the style and originality and sense of poetic values that you might expect of a precocious farm-hand at eighteen—Walter Whitman's idea of clever writing being to call a girl's nose her "nasal organ," and his general inspiration on the same level—how did this overgrown literary lout, withdrawing into himself at thirty-four, emerge at thirty-six with one of the most sublimely original and delicately sensitive and musically and rhetorically unanswerable books in all human literature? There are traces of the lout, Walter Whitman, in *Leaves of Grass*, but there is not one trace of *Leaves of Grass* in the lout, Walter Whitman—not one rhythm, not one echoing metaphor. That is the scientific fascination of the problem. It was the greatest life lived in America. Let us have a great biographer.

TRUSTY

I do not mind the turnkey's mouth, I do
Not mind the cold of steel, nor any more
Care I about those dark eyes staring through
A small black hole across the corridor;
I know the guilty by his filthy tongue,
I know the innocent by his amaze—
And one bewildered prisoner who hung
Gave me his company for twenty days

And laughed them away. . . But nothing may start
Me ever again walking down the stone
Runway, nothing reach out and choke my heart
And take my breath and make me feel alone
In hell. . . not even that boy pale with fright
Who stares at me and cries up through the night.

S. Bert Cooksley

"Among cultivated individuals," he tells us, "sex can never be complete, or completely celebrated, except as a link in the evolution of the race, moral as well as biological. Thinking too precisely on the teleological event, to be sure, inhibits the very emotion through which Nature achieves her hidden purpose; yet to indulge in emotion to the disregard of all responsibility for the future is to eliminate from what should be an integrating experience that moral element which alone gives it permanence and human dignity. . ."

And this being so, the great trouble with Walt Whitman is that he did not marry a good wife and settle down—"a woman fit to match his high spirit, and able through his love for her to humble it a little; . . . he might then have given us . . . stimulating modern songs of the first and last of societies, the family, without which there can be no sane paternity, no solid state. . . Pity is appropriate, indeed, because with a happy home life Whitman would have discovered

nature he is everything opposite to Walt Whitman, and he has nothing and no capacity to produce anything having the remotest similitude to the reality of Walt Whitman—is it for that very reason he goes and fills his head up with Walt Whitman as a compensating idea? Or is it because he has in him exactly that thing that he finds so alarmingly "sentimental" in Walt Whitman, but he has it tightly suppressed and such a solid structure of "permanence and human dignity," and general diffused matrimoniousness, built up on top of it, that it can only creep out through this highly intellectual channel of being a disapproving but very assiduous student of Walt Whitman? We cannot pretend to know.

Suffice it to say that the gospel of Walt Whitman exists for Emory Holloway only as an idea in his head. The function of the idea is not to guide him in living a great poetic life of real action and free natural experience. Its function is to supply

* *Whitman, An Interpretation in Narrative*, by Emory Holloway. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

THE ACID MAKERS

By VICTOR THADDEUS

Acids lose their identity in the many things they help to make—clothes, cars, machinery, explosives, paints, dyes, chemicals, drugs. The world hears little about them. They are not nationally advertised, nor do they often get into the papers like coal and steel. Yet enormous quantities of acid are consumed annually in the United States. Acids are very important to modern industry; the wheels of the world would stop without the acids, which put their terrible mark on every man who works to produce them.

Acid plants, though important, have to be buried in out-of-the-way places because of their destructive exit gases. The business executives of an acid company like to cherish the legend that the gases purify the air in the neighborhood by killing all the germs, but most communities dislike having acid plants near them, and farmers start litigation over ruined crops. Dead trees for a mile around, marshes and barren fields—these are the environment of an acid plant.

An acid plant has about it a curious and forlorn air of desertion. It is mainly a labyrinth of pipes and tanks, and the noisy clank of machinery associated with most factories is missing. From its gates the white sulphurous mist, spotted with red nitric vapor, trails away. Here and there a workman, looking like a scarecrow in his acid-eaten clothes, is to be glimpsed for a moment standing on a loading platform or mounting some iron stairway. All the acid makers, from the superintendent of a plant down, wear acid-eaten rags. Only wool puts up any resistance at all to the acid, a cotton shirt goes to pieces in a day.

An acid plant never operates smoothly and without mishap. Day and night the acid circulating through the pipes is busy devouring the pipes and any other equipment with which it comes in contact. Day and night repairs to check this eating away process have to be made. An acid maker leads an unhealthy life at best, but when the plant is "gassing" badly he works through his eight or ten hour shift in a suffocating atmosphere.

Some buildings are worse than others. A nitric house, when a still is not making acid properly, or when one has just blown out, is a ghostly place to be in. The choking red nitrous and nitric oxides seem to rush out of the very walls. In a muriatic building, the fumes are all the more terrible because invisible; they stab at the throat and the lungs like a thousand sharp knives. In a hydrofluoric house, the fumes, used commercially

to etch glass and frost light bulbs, will ruin a pair of spectacles right on a man's nose. Hydrofluoric fumes redden and roughen the worker's skin almost to blistering. Nitric acid burns in great disfiguring blotches; muriatic cracks the skin open; a single drop of hydrofluoric acid, the worst of the acids, will, though washed off, eat its way down into the flesh for days, producing an intensely painful festering wound, often poisoning the whole body. Arsenic acid, from which the insoluble lead arsenate is manufactured for insectide, quickly

poisons the system, leading to an outbreak of pimples and sores. In any of these manufacturing processes an acid maker can easily get badly burnt about the head and face, and his hands are always cracked and sore.

The rewards that come to the men employed in acid making are never great. They lose weight. The gases chew up their teeth, upset their stomachs, often make every breath drawn an effort. They labor where there is no world to look on and applaud, wrestling with corroded valves and pipes in solitary suffocating corners of the plant from which they crawl out at intervals to cough. Lead-burners, pipe-fitters, process men, none of them ever get rich and no one of them will ever see his bio-

graphy featured in a *Success* magazine. They barely make a living. And the A. F. of L. hasn't yet seen fit to organize them into a union.

I will never forget this picture: a little iron bridge straddling the railroad tracks near the gates of a western acid plant where I worked. The evening whistle had blown, and a knot of acid-workers in tatters and rags leaned over the bridge railing to watch the Overland go through. The great locomotive, with headlight blazing, thundered by, dragging a long string of luxurious Pullmans. From the bridge gaunt wondering faces of dying acid-makers stared down, and from the observation car platform well-dressed and prosperous people glanced casually up.



DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

"Hey, Bill. The Queen just passed!"

"She did? Phew! Dere's an awful smell down here."



DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

"Hey, Bill. The Queen just passed!"

"She did? Phew! Dere's an awful smell down here."

VOX POPULI

It is now possible to sum up the results of the election and to interpret the will of the people as expressed in the priceless right of franchise.

The New York verdict was that the milk is pretty good but the gin is something terrible.

In Massachusetts the sovereign voters decided that they need a drink and that the President of the United States is a piece of cheese.

Pennsylvania declared in no uncertain tones that when a customer buys a senatorship he is morally entitled to the delivery of the goods.

Ohioans had the hard task of deciding between the applesauce of Willis and the applejack of Pomerene. The election went applesauce by a substantial plurality.

Indiana was stirred to its very depths by the revelation that the state Republican machine was the tail of the Ku Klux Klan nightshirt. But its depths are not very great, so Watson and Robinson go back to the senate and not to jail.

Illinois had to choose between two of its favorite crime waves. It went into conference with its conscience and its God and picked the one with the larger bankroll.

The Solid South sent to Washington its usual collection of solid ivory. The West showed its dissatisfaction with the party in power by voting for it some more.

The new senate will be a tie, showing that the electorate regards the two parties as equally bad.

The prevailing drift was anti-Volstead, anti-World Court, anti-Klan and anti-Cal. As a result of this popular uprising, nothing whatever will happen about any of these evils or about anything else. This is what is known in the vernacular as the democratic form of government.

The best thing about the election was that it marked the end of the campaign. This freed our minds for higher and nobler things like Queen Marie, Willie Stevens, Fall, Doheny, Peaches, Aimee and Secretary Kellogg.

Howard Brubaker.

"NO PROFITS INTO IT"

They didn't mean to do it. It just happened. Good weather. No trouble with the boll-weevil. The result, a sixteen million bale cotton disaster.

If it had been a ten million bale crop, or, better still, an eight million bale crop, cotton would be 30 or 35 cents a pound and the South would be wallowing in prosperity.

But cotton at 13 cents!

The cotton cost 15, 18 or even 20 cents to raise. Seed. Fertilizer. Tools. Food. Borrowings by the little planter from the store-keeper brought the cost of the crop well up toward 20 cents before the cotton went to the gin.

At 13 cents, the store-keeper cannot hope to collect from the grower; the jobbers who supplied the store-keeper cannot hope to collect; the manufacturer who supplied the jobbers cannot hope to collect; the banker, who skins them all, cannot hope to collect. He may call in the sheriff and choke the goose, but... The South has raised a bumper cotton crop. The South is ruined!

Some system!

Naked backs. Backs covered with rags. All across the planet, backs in need of cotton.

Idle hands, calloused. Through New England, Lancashire, Belgium, France, Germany, Japan—hands by the millions, trained to cotton spinning and now "unemployed."

Unused machines—machines enough to put cotton cloth on every

member of the human race. Intricate, delicate, powerful machines, silent in the factories.

Sixteen million bales of cotton in the South for this one year.

The textile world is broke!

Some system!

Too much cotton in the fields. Hungry, ragged cotton planters. Too many spindles and looms. Hungry, ragged cotton mill workers. Too many overdressed jobbers, bankers, parasites. Naked millions.

Some system!

(P.S.—I am in another centre of misery right now—the "apple counsection with an enormous apple crop. try" of Oregon. God has cursed this Farmers are selling boxed apples as



DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

low as 25 cents a box. It costs nearly that much to buy the empty box.)

Think this thing through. We are in real danger!

Suppose we get a bumper wheat crop, a bumper corn crop, and other things in like abundance. We shall all starve to death.

One thing the farmers can do. John D. and Brother Elbert Gary never have troubles like this—making so many things that everyone has to go without. They wait until the purchasers of their products are so far gone that they *must* pay the price or go under. Then they produce, and then it pays.

Ten million bales at 30 cents would be much more business-like

than sixteen million bales at 13 cents. Five million bales at a dollar would pay still better. Backs would be ragged and naked, but at least the system would work. There would be money in it!

Once I got advice from a Jersey Dutchman. I was raising beans. He was selling the top soil off his land at \$5 for each small load.

"You can waste your time raising them beans if you like," said he, "but, boy, I tell you their hain't no profit into it!"

(P.S.—The Soviet authorities report a 23 per cent increase in the Russian crops this year as a "gain." That must be a queer country.)

Scott Nearing

SUBWAY STENCH

Push, push into the slow swirling stench that move with the surly crowd, into the fetid vapors churned by the black ebony arms of fans. . . .

Push, push and become one of a thousand hot bodies, all swaying as one. . . .

Feel the thick compressing steel vibrating with speed, shrieking, the crumble of wheels on rail. . . .

Feel the heavy breast of the woman before you, feel the panting breath of the fat Jew behind you, feel the sweat on the man's buttocks on your right, feel the freshness of the girl's arm on your thigh. . . .

Look into the tired face of the gaunt Jewess, look into the brutal mouth of the man before you, look into the empty eyes of the over-painted girl, look into the misery of life staring into yellow lights. . . .

Hear the muted voices of empty men, hear the sharp acrid laughs of hysterical women, hear the groans of tired flesh, hear the protest of tortured minds. . . .

See the empty starings into pornographic papers, see the closed eyes of the sleeping ones, see the hard red mouths of the professional women, see the poverty in that woman's shawl. . . .

Think of the haughty puppy sitting on its mistress's lap, of the perfume sprayed in the car, of the glittering pearls sleeping on the oozing fat, of her eyes, pig-glinting and hard, of her fat overflowing into tight shoes, her fat hands folded on her lap, of the millions she's got in the bank, of the hundreds she's killed for her gain, of her children and their toys, of her husband, weak and impotent. . . .

and then. . . .

Push, *push*, into the slow swirling stench that move with the surly crowd—into the human stinks churned by the black ebony of glittering fans. Push, push and become one of a thousand hot bodies, all swaying as one.

Ivan Bloch

TRANSITION

The April sun conjures up gaudy swarms of people, who seethe down the avenue, sniffing the sunlight, and looking at each other's clothes.

Like Anaximander's animals, born of the union of sun and primordial slime, these people seething down the avenue, born of the union of sun and the white flanks of the office buildings.

I sit on the library steps and watch the crazy patchwork crowd and the sunlight bathing the buildings—the broad-shouldered, pin-headed buildings;

feel the sun in my veins, languid; think, beautiful the world, the sun, the streets; beautiful even the men and women who walk down them;

know the certain

brevity of beauty.

Soon I shall feel goddam and hate. Loathe the swine who swarm down the avenue

the sun which bathes the well-dressed swine who stroll down the avenue, which shines on the just and the unjust alike. Soon I shall

feel the languid blood in my veins quicken with hate, hate myself,

spectator and thinker,

abuse long words, and say to myself that I know only my own sensations, isolate I

revile myself, and call myself littlereviewist.

So be it
fish must swim,
and decaying bourgeois ideology, saith Lenin, must be subjective, sceptical.

Harry Freeman

SOME SOUTHERN SNAPSHOTS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

SOUTHERN KENTUCKY

B——, a hustling, thriving community in the tobacco country, is conceded by both its black and white citizens to be one of the best towns in the South. Incidentally, this is a belief held by the inhabitants of every Southern town. Well, Johnny S——, a Negro youth of sixteen was employed in a white barber shop as porter and bootblack. He is an affable chap and knows how to get on well with white people. He always has a smile for everyone and doesn't seem to resent having his woolly head rubbed or his pants being kicked occasionally. He was a favorite in the town until several months ago. Then one day the rumor got abroad that he had made or tried to make a date with a white girl over the telephone. One of the white barbers said he heard him. The white girl in question denied that Johnny had said anything out of the way to her; that she had only telephoned about a pair of shoes she had left to be cleaned. However, public opinion was

aroused. Johnny's past popularity was of no avail. He was told to get out of town at once. He got.

NORTHERN GEORGIA

Mrs. F. teaches in one of the many Negro colleges in A——. One day, a short while ago she boarded a side-entrance street car and being out of breath sank down in the first seat in the rear half of the car. This section is usually allotted to Negroes. The conductor gruffly ordered her to sit in the rear. "You know where niggers belong," he admonished. Without a word she went back to the rear of the car and opening a book began to read. As she glanced up from time to time, she noticed that the conductor was making frequent trips to the front of the car and conferring with the motorman. Then the car stopped and the conductor got off. When she looked up again there was a policeman standing at her elbow. He grabbed her by the collar and ordered her to get out of the car, at the same time twisting her wrist. All the negroes who were on the

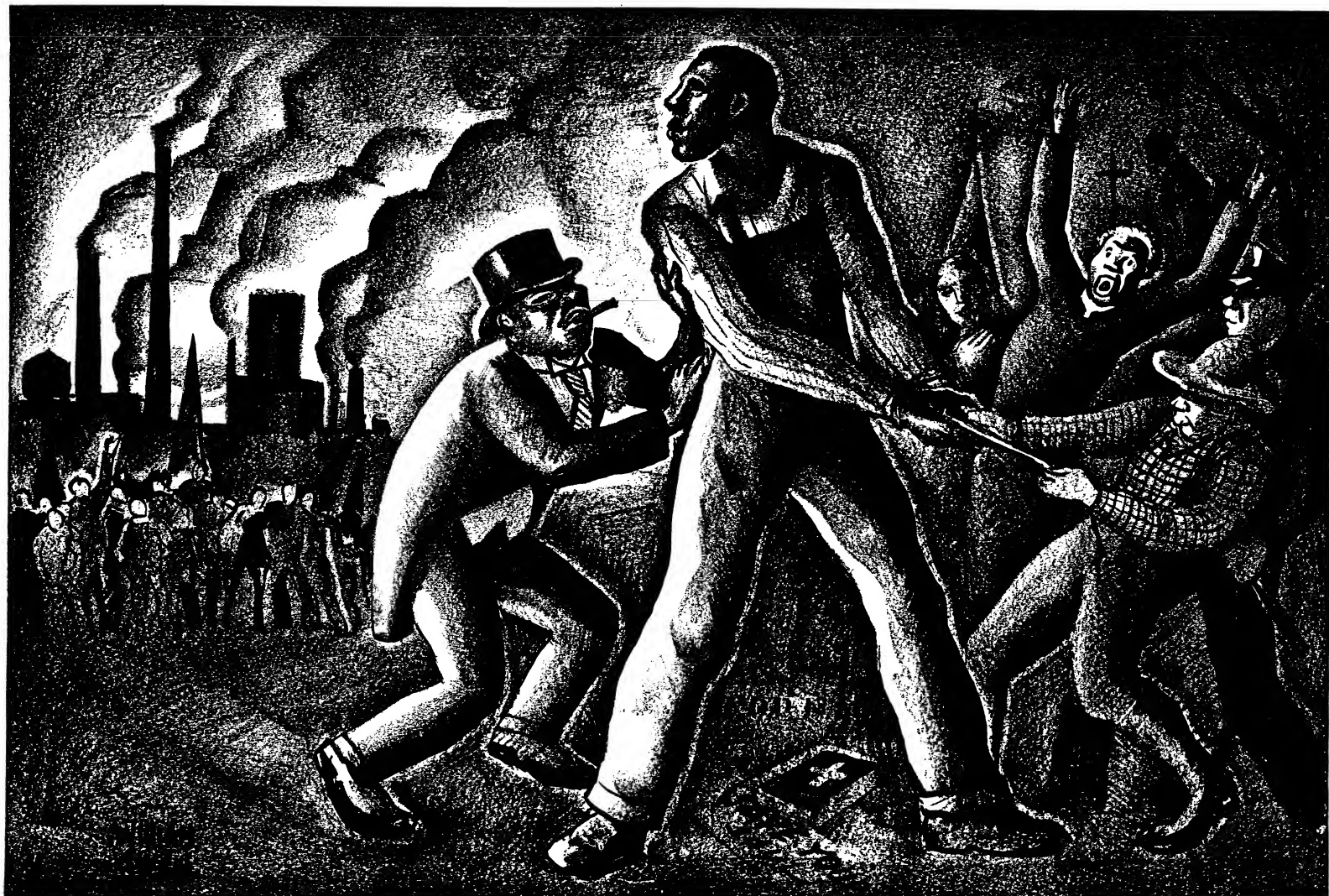
car got off and hastened away. She begged the policeman to let go her collar and stop twisting her wrist, but he only tightened his grip, saying: "If you don't want to obey the regulations here, why don't you go up North?"

When the patrol wagon arrived in response to the policeman's summons, she was bundled inside. The only other occupant was an elderly policeman who made repeated advances to her during the trip to the station and mauled her all over. At the station she gave the required data as to age, residence, occupation, etc., and requested the privilege of using the telephone. This was denied. While in the room, several patrolmen who were off beat entertained themselves by making comments concerning her. —feigned to doubt her sex and suggested that the doubt should be removed by examination. She was turned over to the matron who allowed her to telephone to the President of the college where she taught. He immediately came down and ar-

ranged bond. A few days later at the trial, she was fined twenty-five dollars.

NORTHEASTERN ALABAMA

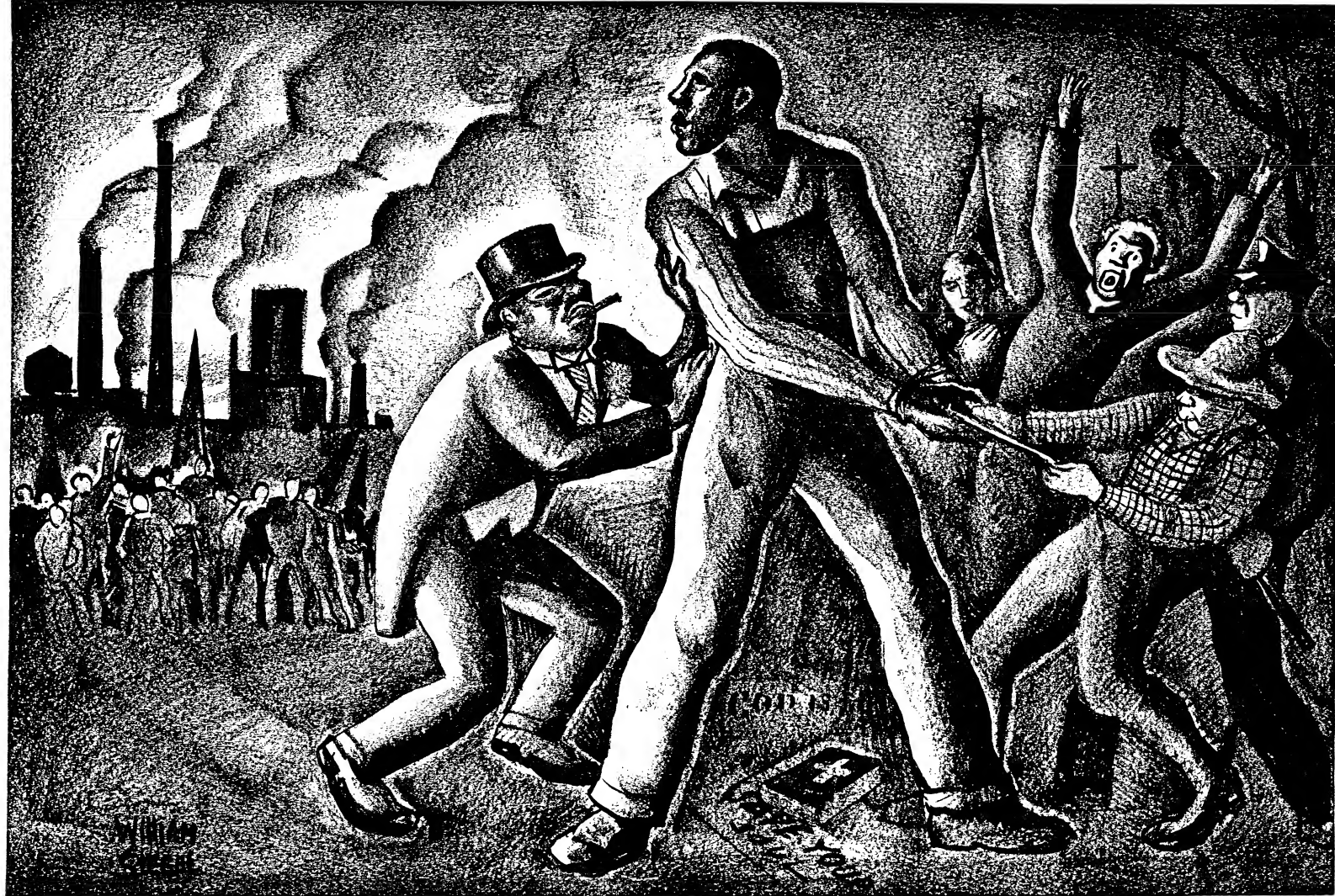
In T——, a beautiful hill town, which is the seat of one of the best Negro colleges in the South, a white farmer of considerable means is wont to come into town with either of his two little sons. He likes to take them around to the various stores and ask them in the presence of other white men: "Tell them what your name is?"—*their* name being *his* name. Nothing extraordinary about this, of course, until the fact is mentioned that the boys are mulattoes and their mother a black woman. This happy family lives in a neat bungalow on the outskirts of T——. The Klan, which has considerable strength in the community, has threatened to go out and teach this farmer a lesson, but they have neglected, so far, to do so. The white farmer says he is anxious to have them come. He has an excellent reputation as a rifle shot.



HE WANTS MORE THAN PIE IN THE SKY

The Negro worker is turning to join his organized white comrades in a demand for decent living conditions on this earth.

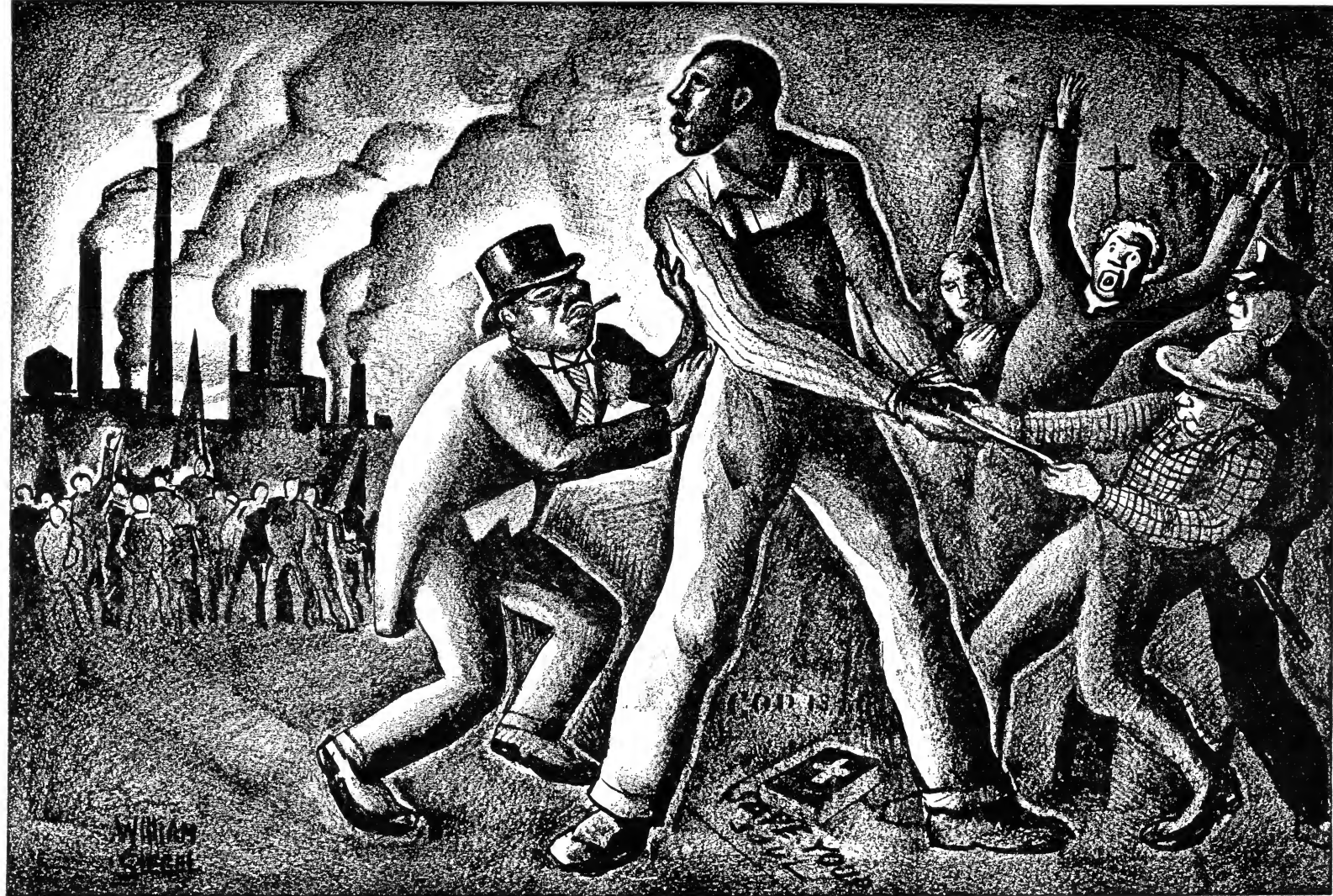
DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL



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The Negro worker is turning to join his organized white comrades in a demand for decent living conditions on this earth.

SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA

B—— boasts of possessing the largest sawmill in the world. It also has a huge paper mill that utilizes all the waste from the sawmill. One company owns both, and most of the inhabitants of the community (about ten thousand), make their living by working for this company. It is alleged to be controlled by Northern capital. The company owns most of the houses in B—— and operates a large general store, where workmen may get goods for cash or credit. Negroes constitute one-fourth of the population.

Shortly after the late alleged struggle for democracy, the white and black workers got it into their heads to form a union and try to get their pay raised. Poor fellows! A white worker was chosen president and several negroes were made officials. Alarmed, the company immediately shut down the mill for ninety days, surrounded the plant with a high fence, hired a platoon of tough "guards," ousted union men from the company houses and sat down to watch the workers starve. Since there was no other work to be had in the town or vicinity, many of the workers nearly did starve. Others went to work in distant places.

At the end of ninety days the work started up again—with scab labor. Picketing was tried. The "guards" beat, buffeted, and it is alleged, murdered. Certainly some mysterious bodies (black) were found in neighboring swamps and some of the Negro union officials were missing. The company surmised that certain prominent Negroes, who owned much property or operated small businesses, were instrumental in getting Negroes to join the union. Consequently, several of these were administered terrible beatings and given only minutes to get out of town. The town's only Negro doctor was horribly maltreated and banished, but later he was found to be innocent of any offense against the company, so he was written a letter and told he might return. Some of the Negroes never dared to return. One Negro who owned a nice two-story house on the edge of town, was nearly killed by a group of "guards" police and white citizens and told never to return. He never has. Today his house stands deserted, the prey of the elements. Negroes of the town say there is "a standing mob" in the town, ready at all times to riot and murder to uphold white supremacy and the open shop. But then, Negroes are so imaginative, you know.

THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA

In the heart of what is probably the richest cotton producing area in the world, stands G——. Half of its population of fifteen thousand is black. In the surrounding county

there are six Negroes to every white person. This town is just a supply station for the neighboring plantations. The planters are lords of all they survey. This includes, of course, the Negro women. Negro men bitterly complain that scores of Negro women are "kept"—rather willingly—by white men. Since there are a number of Negro men around town who do no work and yet dress well and eat frequently, the charge is probably true.

Well, a year or two ago a Negro boy of fourteen who was attending the Negro high school, began keeping company with a beautiful brown girl. This girl was "kept" by a very prom-

inent and wealthy white man. One night, after the graduation exercises at the Negro school, this black boy was shot to death by two other Negroes on the steps of the school. It is said the two Negroes were hired for the purpose. This is doubtless a falsehood since it is contrary to the spirit of Southern chivalry. At any rate they were both acquitted very promptly by the court. A few months ago I saw both of them walking the streets in G——.

Not so long ago a white man and a young Negro had an argument on a plantation not far from G——. It ended in a fight and the Caucasian

came out a bad second. As a measure of precaution, the Negro immediately bundled together his effects and moved to G——. The white man came to town soon after and while walking around the streets came upon the young Negro sitting on the curbing. Pulling out his revolver, the white man walked up behind the Negro and pressing the gun against his wooly pate, said, "Ahm gonna kill you, you black son of a ——." He pulled the trigger and the Negro fell dead in the gutter. The white man was not arrested, the white observers informing the coroner that he shot in self defense.



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

SACCO AND VANZETTI—THEY MUST NOT DIE



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

SACCO AND VANZETTI—THEY MUST NOT DIE



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

SACCO AND VANZETTI—THEY MUST NOT DIE

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS

In C——, there is a very pretty little *public* library. There is reason to believe, however, that one-third of its ten thousand inhabitants are not welcome there, being Negroes. At least it is assumed they are not welcome because a Negro doctor said that although he had been born and raised in the town, he had never tried to get a book from the library. Nor had any other Negro. The two races, it seems, "understand each other" in C——.

P—— is a town near the Oklahoma border, where about six years ago, two Negroes were barbecued for "the usual crime" by a group of orderly whites on the Fair Ground. The Negroes have boycotted the County Fair ever since. They seem to think that procedure wasn't fair. Time and again the whites have tried to persuade them to attend the County Fair, but to no avail. The Negroes are adamant.

EASTERN ALABAMA

Mrs. X is a Negro cook in the home of a wealthy merchant in O——, a town not far from Tuskegee Institute. Some time ago her husband got into some difficulty that required her presence at the court house. She informed her mistress that she had to go away for a short while, explaining that the midday meal was all prepared and ready to be placed on the table. The mistress, was furious and denied Mrs. X permission to go. Mrs. X went. She had hardly departed when the merchant arrived and his wife told him what had transpired. Very angry, he jumped into his car and overtook Mrs. X right at the door of the court house. With an oath he grabbed her and administered a sound beating. A large number of Negro men were standing around but none interfered. There were a number of white men standing there, too, with hands ever ready to whisk light artillery out of rear pockets. After severely whipping Mrs. X, her assailant saw Mr. X descending the court house steps. Walking over to him, the merchant told him what had taken place and asked him didn't he like it. The husband meekly replied, "Yassuh, Ah likes it."

WESTERN GEORGIA

Bill Smith is a sturdy brown man, close to fifty years of age. All day he sits on a stool behind the counter in his little restaurant, which is located on a dusty street in the Negro district of L——. It was only after some time that I discovered why he remained so stationary. Two or three years ago he lost both legs above the knees when an old wall collapsed where he was working on a construction job. For many years previously Bill had been a bricklayer and had

worked in all parts of the country. As we sat in his little place and watched the clouds of dust plowed up by the passing automobiles, we fell to talking about the town.

I commented on the absence of sewers, sidewalks and trash collection in the Negro section, and the miserable shacks occupied by the majority of the Negroes but owned by the cotton mill and the fertilizer plant. I ventured the opinion that something should be done about it. Bill glanced at me pityingly.

"When I came back here after my accident," he said, "and opened this little place, a lot of fellows used to

hang out here, playing checkers and talking. Naturally they would ask me about the places I had seen in other parts of the country and the condition of the colored people living in those parts. Well, of course, I told them the truth just like it is in the North, East, West and South. Well, sir! You know one day a white man came in here and sat right where you're sitting now, and told me that he and some other white folks had heard about what I'd been saying, and advised me to stop talking or get out of town. He said: 'Since these niggers don't know any better, there ain't no use telling them no better. You know better because you've traveled, but they don't. So you better keep your mouth shut hereafter.'

"So," Bill concluded, "that was the first or last time I, or anybody else, ever tried to tell these people around here anything for their own good. It ain't safe in L——." Bill Smith was born and raised there, so he ought to know.

NORTHEASTERN MISSISSIPPI

T—— is a progressive town. Negro men, women and boys sentenced for crimes or misdemeanors are all worked on the city streets together under armed guard. Consequently the white section of the city is very neat and clean.

CENTRAL OKLAHOMA

B—— is a town of 2,000 Negroes in the heart of a rich cotton district. For ten miles in every direction everything is owned by Negroes. Everything is controlled by Negroes from the mayor down to the telegraph operator. There are two banks, each with a quarter million deposits, three cotton gins—one the largest in the state—three blocks of stores housed in substantial brick buildings, and many neat and beautiful homes.

There is no jim-crowing in this town. Many white people visit it on business every day. If they wish to eat they must eat in a Negro restaurant; if they wish to sleep they must sleep in a Negro rooming house, where Negroes sleep on all sides of them. Do the white men and women who frequently visit B——, go without food and shelter because there are no separate provisions for them? Not at all. In my rooming house there was a white man to the left of me and a white woman across the hall. We all ate in the restaurant together. Yet a similar situation ten miles distant might have caused a race conflict.

EASTERN MISSISSIPPI

O—— is a very small town not far from the Alabama border. Here is located a Negro industrial school which has been in operation for a quarter of a century. Two years ago a dog belonging to one of the Negro

professors killed one of the domestic animals of a white citizen. On Commencement Day, when the campus was crowded with visitors for the ceremony, this white citizen walked on the grounds and after a brief exchange of words with this Negro professor, shot him dead before the crowd. The murderer was never arrested. Naturally the Negroes were considerably wrought up over the tragedy but feeling has since died down and the community is now pursuing the even tenor of its way.

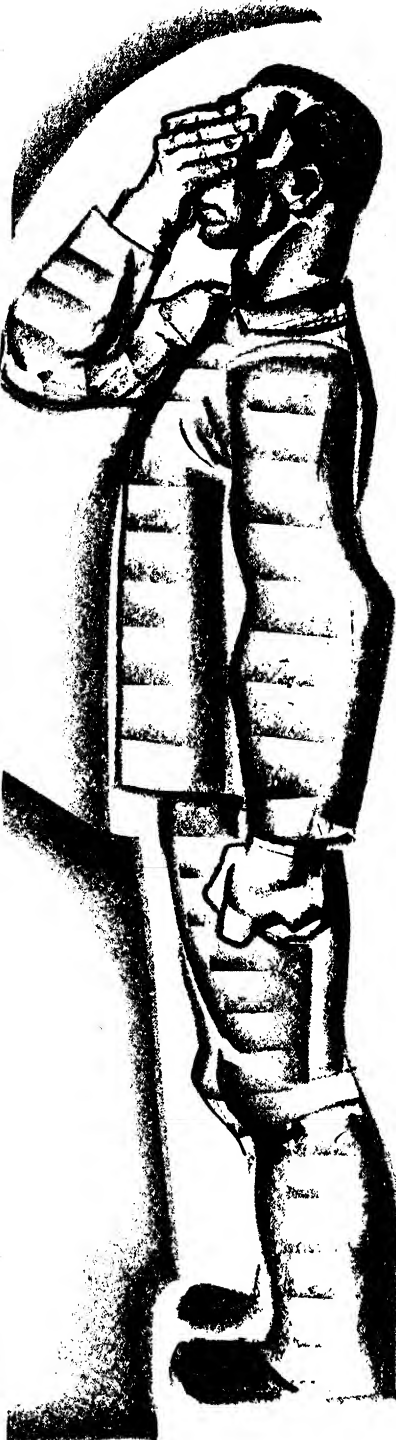
CENTRAL ARKANSAS

Some time ago Miss G, a pretty Negro school teacher in one of the Negro colleges in L——, was walking home along a dark street. Suddenly a long, low roadster driven by a young white man slowed up alongside the curb and the driver called to her: "Come here, baby." She merely quickened her pace. He continued to keep abreast of her; telling her to "Come on in and go for a ride." Finally, when he saw that she was not heeding him, he stopped the car, jumped out, and grabbing her by the arm, hissed in her ear: "You black bitch! If you don't get in here I'll take this wrench and knock your block off." She pulled away from him, screamed for help and ran up the street. He followed her a few paces, but when a policeman and several Negroes hove into sight he returned to his roadster and sped away. The policeman gruffly inquired of Miss G what the trouble was. When she told him he replied, "Oh, he wasn't gonna hurt yuh, kid. Don't be disturbin' the neighborhood."

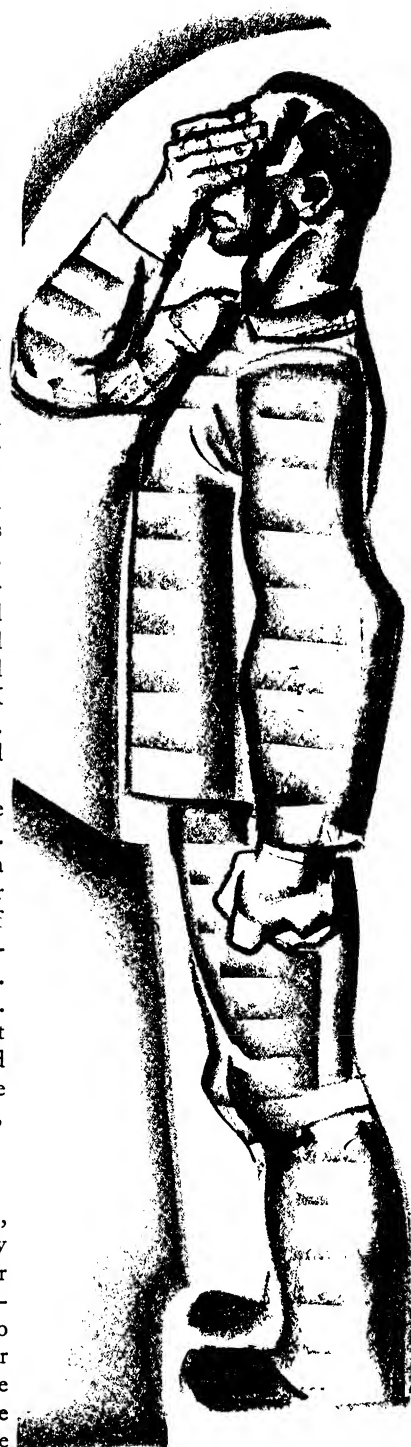
COME ON,
YOU BAD EGGS!

The friend of the NEW MASSES who won't subscribe, but who buys his copy at the newsstand every month, is no friend at all. He's like the egg that was only three-quarters good; he's a bad egg, damn bad. What we want is an army of real friends who care for this magazine hard enough to send two dollars for a year's subscription. It's the only way we can build up a permanent magazine. The newsstand sales are too un dependable—and we get too little return on the quarter you spend there.

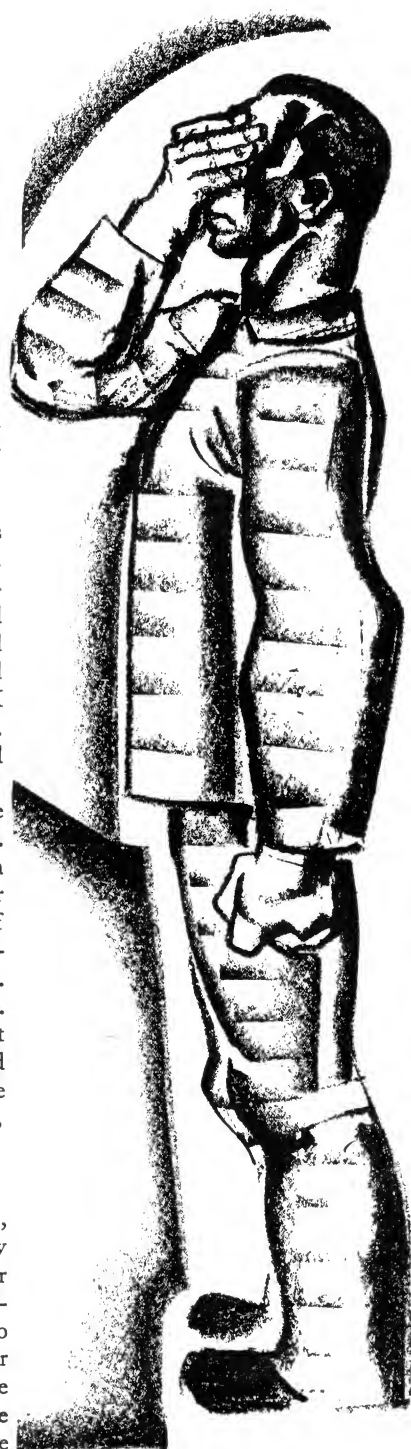
Come on, you cold storage ovoids—warm up, and take a chance on us for a year. You'll get more for your two bucks than you would out of a crap game, or a bottle of gin, or even a pair of shoes for the baby. And in a few months we may cut off your home town newsstands, and where will you be? If you haven't the two dollars, beg or steal it; if that don't work, let us know and we'll lend it to you ourselves. But do something to show you're with us to the bitter end. A little life!



**THEY MUST BE
FREED!**



**THEY MUST BE
FREED!**



**THEY MUST BE
FREED!**

CARNEVALI AND OTHER ESSAYS

By MICHAEL GOLD

1. ON NOTHING

THE post-war intellectual in America is a mess. His puny theories of life, derived from phrase-makers like H. G. Wells, were exploded by the war, and he was left with nothing but bootleg, "sex," and H. L. Mencken. Now he is an individualist, but not in Nietzsche's way, or Walt Whitman's, but an individualist who runs a little dry-goods store, and is certain everything bigger in life is "the bunk." He has created a literature which exposes the weak spots in the great men of history, and which proves they were not heroes, but mediocre, jaded, job-holding, futile men and women, like himself. The epic is dead in this generation of educated shopkeepers. Only the vaudeville song remains. No great integrated philosophy of life, be it right or wrong, gives meaning to their lives. They are nothing, bound for nowhere. The one thing they take seriously, passionately, is making money. They will deny this, but you can hire them to do anything for enough money.

2. A MAN IS DEAD

Rich ladies who live on the dividends of child labor are "humanitarians" and gush over sick cats. Woodrow Wilson was a humanitarian and plunged America into the capitalist war. Ramsay MacDonald was a humanitarian and bombed peasant villages in Iraq. The time has passed for vague thinking; one must decide which sort of humanitarian one is.

Debs was a working-class humanitarian. He was always at the vortex of the class struggle; he organized the railway unions of America, he led a bloody strike, he defended the goaded, desperate miners of Herrin after the massacre, he stood by Soviet Russia in the dark days. He denounced capitalism in words red and dangerous as molten steel. He was no male Madonna with a lily in his hand, as our weak-minded friends would make him.

He loved. The liars and fakers have adopted the language of humanitarian love and have degraded it so that one must be ashamed to use it any longer. But Debs was real. His love was concrete. It expressed itself in action. It was fierce and deep as Lenin's and meant exactly what it said. "Humanitarians" can't understand this hard, real love; and they never understood Debs.

3. POETRY IN AMERICA

The poets nurse each petty emotion like a neurotic nun, are not interested in the mass-life, and the masses are not interested in them. Poetry is not popular.

Poetry must grow dangerous again. Now only club-ladies listen to poetry, but let's have poetry to offend and frighten club-ladies. Let's have poems the Watch-and-Warders will suppress. Tom-tom poems, jazz poems, barricade poems, poems thundering like 10-ton trucks or subways or aeroplanes. Poem of the Miners' Union, that every miner will want to know by heart, like a Homeric ballad. Poem against Henry Ford, that the police and ministers of Detroit can burn in a public *auto-da-fé*. Poems that will hurt business, poems that can be chanted by mobs. Poems that stir the stagnant waters of America's spirit. Poems of life. But this is "propaganda," you say. You nuns, you half-wit poets, you self-licking cats!

4. WAITING AT THE CHURCH

The firmest lesson that is planted into the mind of the college student is that of hesitation. He is taught it is wisdom not to act on social problems until all the facts are in—biological, psychological, engineering, etc., etc.

It's as if one were told not to love a woman until all the facts of sex were in.

But even Ph.D.s produce babies, I have noticed. And some even lead strikes.

5. HOW TO TAME LIONS

First teach the lion to grow accustomed to regular meals at regular hours. Then teach him that if he disobeys you he will go hungry. He will soon capitulate, like most of our "young" and "rebel" writers in America.

6. SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

One can't write a play or novel around a middle-class American and make it epic or tragic or even lyrical. Mr. Babbitt lends himself only to satire. He's a cipher, a boob, a penny-in-the-slot machine, a peanut, a clown, a stuffed shirt, a humorous dead-end of evolution.

The modern writer finds it hard to write lines for a realtor as epic as those Shakespeare wrote for *King Lear*. Middle-class life has become desk-bound.

It is significant that writers turn to working-class figures like *The Hairy Ape*, or Dynamite Jim in *Processional* when they need to create something of grandeur and storm, when they need to touch the immortal violence and passion of life.

The lineman in a blizzard, the iron worker, the engineer, the miner in the dark—the soul of great writing is close to them.

7. HOW TO ACQUIRE CULTURE IN SIX EASY LESSONS

The religion of business has become nauseating to hosts of bewildered middle-class Americans; now they're hunting "culture."

Good; but culture is not something buried in libraries and museums.

Culture is the deeds you do, the way you live, the way you make your living.

The culture the Will Durants and Van Loons bring you is worse than nothing. It is eclectic, an evasion, a soporific, a form of Christian Science, the sport of dilettantes. It is so broad it is meaningless. It calls for no deeds. Better to remain a money-maker with a definite credo of life than fall into this marsh of vague, futile, object-less "idealism."

One crude new bud of proletarian culture is worth all the decaying forest of middle-class culture. Because the bud is positive, and struggles and lives. It has the future.

8. SOAP BOX SPEECH

It is not intellectually respectable in America to believe in the workers and their class future. This is the one weakness you must not confess to in an audience of middle-class "thinkers."

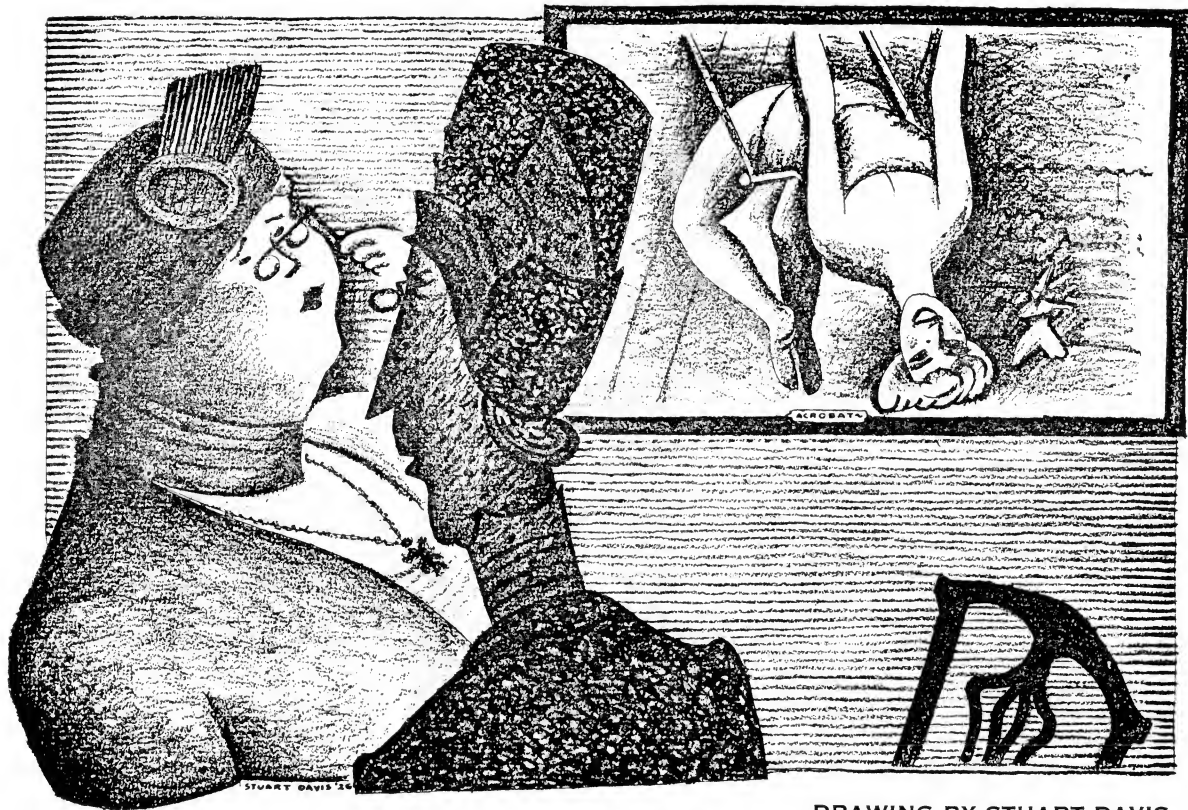
They will accept you as a fellow thinker though you confess you write *Snappy Stories*, or are a gunman, or



DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

ART CRITICISM

"How perfectly ridiculous! Imagine yourself smiling in a position like that!"



DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

ART CRITICISM

"How perfectly ridiculous! Imagine yourself smiling in a position like that!"



DRAWING BY L. RIBAK

"I tella you, Tony, Mussolini badda man. I lika choka dees fella!"
 "Na, Joe. You leava heem alone. He choka heemself purty damn quick!"

9. CARNEVALI

a bigamist, or an actor in plays you hate, or a scientist who makes poison gas, or a detective, or a sob sister, or a press agent, or a purveyor of smutty books, or a homosexual, or even Judas Iscariot. They are tolerant about anything that is weak, vicious, money-making, chaotic or traditional. You can be a Catholic or a Fascist, but you must not be a revolutionist. You must not profess a clear understanding of history; you must not be with the workers.

How petty, how provincial, how wearying is the average American group of intellectuals! One longs for a little fresh air, some bold clean thought, however reactionary.

Gentlemen, do you really believe capitalism will go on forever? Do you really believe life is static, even in America? You have conquered Victorianism in literature, and fundamentalism in science. What next? Is this the end?

And do you ever read any of the thousands of books on the social revolution that have been written for the past fifty years? You know your Jurgens, but is the Russian Revolution less important to man?

The best book I've read recently is *A Hurried Man*, by Emanuel Carnevali, published by Contact Editions, Paris. The writer is a young Italian who came to this country at the age of sixteen. He lived here eight years, working in the Grand Central station, in the Yale Club Restaurant, as a waiter, in other places. "Once without work for days or a real meal he picked up a piece of bread in Washington Square, and threw it down again with tears. A bad nickel once paid for a trip to the Bowery, where he found a place for himself in a gang of crooks, who kept him going until he again had a waiter's job." He married like a foolish kid, he suffered the humiliations of the immigrant, he lived in a succession of those depressing, stinking, dark, ultimate sections of the banality of life, those theatres of proletarian despair—the furnished room houses of Chicago and New York.

And he became a writer in English. His work appeared in *Poetry*, *Little Review*, *Others*, *Lyric*, *The Modern Review*, sometimes in newspapers.

Then he was very sick and had to return to Italy, where at 28 he has been for a year in a hospital, burned out, like so many immigrants, by America.

It's only a small book of reviews, poems, short tales, and other fragments, but in it this hounded young immigrant establishes himself as a force. His words have a strange intensity amidst all the millions of cold, commercial words published in America; they come from his life. His lines swoop and hurry like a taxi-cab on a busy street. He has a queer hard pity for human beings; he's too much the city man to be sentimental. His writing reminds one of Broadway and Forty-second street when a child is killed by a motorbus and the huge crowd stops for a moment to wonder, and the signs all the time flashing against the sky. He remains sane among nightmares. He is graceful and strong.

People think it's a joke to say "proletarian art," but Carnevali's writing is part of the emerging proletarian art; yes, this furnished room bard is a forerunner; he has almost no social theories, he is the thing itself.

He suffered in isolation. The neurotic ladies who read poetry in

America were seduced by this young Italian's intensity and thought it "very esthetic." They would have enjoyed also the perfect art of the Crucifixion. They patted Carnevali on the shoulder, but they didn't understand that he was cursing them and cursing capitalist America, and wishing for the beneficent revolution to sweep them and their "art" to hell.

They always overlook the content; you can say anything to these American bourgeois art-lovers, so long as they think it is "art," and it thrills. They refuse to understand your needs: you are meaningless to them, like their servants.

I don't feel any more sorry for Carnevali than I do for ten or fifteen million other proletarians in America, who must suffer as he did, who live in furnished room houses. True, he was a sensitive artist, but it's bourgeois snobbery and conscience-salving to say that workers don't suffer from these things exactly as much as artists. Yes, ordinary "insensitive" workers die in hospitals of industrial diseases, turn on the gas when they're out of work, go on long drunks to forget their slavery, etc., etc. Even statistics can prove this.



"I tella you, Tony, Mussolini badda man. I lika choka dees fella!"
"Na, Joe. You leava heem alone. He choka heemself purty damn quick!"

DRAWING BY L. RIBAK



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

MOSES: I led the strike against Pharaoh, but they made my name a symbol for law and order.
 JESUS: I drove the priests from the temple, and they changed my revolt into a priests' religion.
 SHADE OF DEBS: (Just coming up) Terrible! I wonder what crimes they will commit in my name.

What I am sorry about is that Carnevali shouldn't have broken through his narrow esthetic prison, cut loose from the fat art ladies, and found comradeship and courage among the revolutionary workers. They were his natural allies. For he too had nothing to lose but his chains.

He has a fine big mind; he's bigger than the whole swarm of tiddley-wink poets who believe any trace of an idea in poetry, drawing, painting, music, etc., is not "pure" art; who believe artists should be morons. Carnevali was feeling his way to the Bolshevik conception of the artist:

"We are waiting for the poet who will give us a Divine Comedy of our times, but it is something entirely different from Dante's, we expect. A hell more terrific than the hell of Dante is the hell of

modern warfare—an immense, eyeless, stupid machine that batters, mangles, crushes, distorts, tortures, crazes man. And as if his were not terrible enough, men are studying how to contrive more terrible means to kill; and the next war, it is said, will be mostly a war of gas and germs

"The mechanical cities loom like the menace of the future over our rivers: over and under them the continual roar of locomotives, soul-rending. And the makers of these are business men who do not see, and workers whom a whirlwind sweeps into this modern tremendous factory, and leaves there like fledglings caught in the blast of an immense furnace. Out of this factory the modern soul comes crushed—out of this factory of neurosis, the modern world

"This is Dante's challenge to a poet of today. Who will tune down this noise, arrange this turmoil, find one voice in this chaos of voices? His task will be a hundred times more arduous than Dante's. Dante's conception of his narrow world

was centred around two main hypotheses—that of the absolute monarchy and that of the Roman Catholic power, the Pope.

"A modern poet would require, besides Dante's great genius, the energy to gather together in his thought a world which facility of transportation, and science in general, have made enormous.

"And the question as to whether a poet should be concerned in this great outer world, as opposed to the petty inner world of daily moods, cares, worries and affection, is a ridiculous question.

"And ridiculous is the thesis of the esthetic critic when he proposes that the individual who accomplishes the feat of expressing himself ably has thereby attained art; implying that a mole's observation of life is as valid as that of a soaring eagle who sees the world from above the horizon.

"But there are still eagles: Walt Whitman, the multitudinous man, for whom the world was a purgatory of striving joy and self-redeeming pain—he enumerated,

at least, the modern world. And Verhaeren, with his *Villes Tentaculaires*, put down some of the horror. . . ."

And Carnevali says this about Ezra Pound and the expatriates and Dial *delicats*:

"His problems are unrealities that he has created out of his weariness and spleen, to throw sand in the eyes of the ghost of insignificance and pettiness that haunts him. His anger against the big plagues of the world is so petty, that I think he makes petty difficulties out of big ones in order to give himself the sport to fight them.

"These *delicats*! Their love for art is an ugly love. Rather the crudity and bombast of an earnest beginner, rather all the pathetic attitudes of self-glorification and self-abnegation with which incomplete artists daily pester the world, than this sophisticated love towards Her; for She is a tough-handed and strong-smelling Woman. Rather the uncouth *gaffes* of an adolescent than this philandering with fauns and nymphs and mouldy reminiscences of Pan—a nasty way of snubbing this great Woman, who slings, in passing, streetfuls of dust of today's cities; whose favorite perfume is that of the loam—the loam that soils the hands of dudes and snobs.

"What these *delicats* miss, what these choosers, these select selectors and elite-makers and aristocrats miss is what I call roots. They miss what they intensely long for—a place in the world and the sense of their importance in it. What they hate most is clumsiness, lack of taste, they tell us: to anyone who knows the weight and the majestic stride of this our Earth, to anyone who knows how deep and weirdly gnarled men's roots are, common men's roots, this lightness and this amenity and this aristocratic giggling are grotesque and funny and sorrowfully clumsy."

Here are some torn bits from his poetry: though all his writing is root-poetry, fierce poetry of pain, honest screams of poetry, real curses, no fake, every word like an I. W. W. manifesto uttered in the poetry of real blood and real hatred. And he can laugh youthfully, and has the tenderness of a strong man.

A COMMONPLACE

I wish that you all be well.
 And that the sick ones of you get well;
 I want a big, fresh, clean world.
 Do you, too?
 Is that what you mean
 When you say:
 "How do you do?"
 "How do you feel?"

AMERICA

Tremendously laborious America,
 Builder of the mechanical cities—
 But in the hurry people forget to love;
 But in the hurry one drops and loses
 kindness.
 And hunger is the patrimony of the emigrant;
 Hunger, desolate and squalid—
 For the fatherland.
 For bread and for women, both dear.
 America, you gather the hungry people
 And give them new hungers for the old ones.
 How often in the streets of Manhattan
 Have I thrown by hatred!
 How often in those streets,
 Have I begged the Universe
 To stop that crazy coming and going,
 Or to drag me along too in that
 Oblivion of hurry.

NEW MASSES BALL

Don't forget that the NEW MASSES Costume Ball is scheduled for Friday evening, December 3rd. See our ad on page 29 of this issue.

AIMEE AND THE ELDERS

By DON RYAN

The flappers at Santa Catalina Island last summer were wearing saucy little sailor caps on which, in letters of gold, appeared the arresting legend:

I AM AIMEE-ABLE.

Nor did it require any more explicit device to attract young males who were browsing there. While palsied deacons and their weather-beaten wives prayed with tight lips in the Christian temples of Southern California, their pagan offspring frankly pursued the rites of Priapus in the languishing, semi-tropic atmosphere of this Pacific isle—vainly named in honor of a virgin saint.

At the same time, itinerant and ironic working stiffers were decorating the walls of every *chalet de nécessité* between Los Angeles and San Francisco with derisive allusions to the Reverend Aimee Semple McPherson as a contracting road-builder—allusions depending for their kick upon mispronunciation of the essential word *asphalt*.

Such manifestations of a cynicism, disrespect and irreverence towards one of the Lord's Anointed were the outbursts of California's youth—for the younger generation of California is utterly pagan. It's the climate. In a climate that lures to every lust of the flesh, the discordant hymns of the Methodists fall unheeded on youthful ears. Behind the labored groanings of the church choir the clash of Bacchic cymbals are too distinctly manifest.

But the parents and grandparents of the young—those who were sired in some bleak prairie waste—still cling devoutly to the faith and chilblains of the Puritans. They know no other gods except their stern trinity: Jehovah, the bloody old demiurge of the Jews; Jesus Christ, the son, whom he caused to be executed; and the mysterious afflatus called Holy Spirit, a portion of which fills every true believer and marks him off as one who will be spared when the Christian gods revenge themselves upon the human race on the terrible Day of Judgment.

* * *

The Reverend Aimee Semple McPherson has always been alive to this situation in Southern California. Back in 1923, when she built the expensive Angelus Temple, with donations from her following, she told me she was going to stay right here in Los Angeles—there were more of her customers here than in any other spot on this continent.

The priestess of the temple made a mighty strong impression on me the first day I met her. I had gone to

the luxurious living quarters which were a part of her temple property to interview her. And when I returned I wrote this opening passage for the interview:

If Aimee Semple McPherson had not chosen to be a revivalist she could easily have been a queen of musical comedy. She has a magnetism such as few women since Cleopatra have possessed. I once knew an actress in the Follies Bergère with nearly equal magnetism. That was in the days of Madam Glynn's "Three Weeks" and the American students around Paris used to call her their "Tiger Queen."

Full-bosomed, Junoesque in mold, I saw the high priestess of the old blood cult as a woman poised in the fulness of her maturity—a fruit ripe and juicy on the bough.

Aimee's personality—to use the stock stage phrase—is as potent as her sex appeal, of which, of course, it is part and parcel. Her voice, high-pitched but throaty, is full of a contralto richness. When moved to excitement her eyes swim in a liquid mist. Her thick, auburn hair conveys a subtle and intoxicating fragrance to the senses. In short, the reverend pastor is the antithesis of everything we associate with spirituality.

* * *

Aimee's peregrinations—her kidnapping and escape—the sawing of her bonds as she heaved madly against the cutting edge of a tin can—this is movie stuff: melodrama. Yet Aimee never goes to the movies. Her creed proscribes theatricals of any kind, but Aimee is the perfect actress. Her every pose, every gesture, every thought is tellingly dramatic.

Aimee's conduct at her trial—her entrances and exits, her posings for the still and movie cameras—are the studied movements of a very creditable actress.

At the very end of her preliminary hearing for perjury, when confronted with a cleaner's tag purporting to show that she wore a dress which was found mysteriously packed away in the trunk belonging to the departed temple radio operator, Aimee promptly assumed the pose of the injured heroine of *Two Orphans*. And held it effectively enough to impress the hard-boiled reporters, held it dramatically, even as the shouts of ribald newsboys floated in from the street:

"Aaiigh! Dey got Aimee's little pink pajamas!"

"Aaiigh! Dey got her Beeveedeeds!"

* * *

Aimee offered me a job as her press agent when she first came to Los Angeles. It was a temptation—but I turned it down. She took on a young man I recommended—a young man who had been quite successful handling movie stars. Of this experienced young man she inquired delicately about the use of make-up.

"When they put the spot on me in the baptismal fount," explained the Reverend Aimee, "it makes me look too pale. I'd like to use some make-up, but we must be very careful. Some of the sisters might notice it and they wouldn't understand."

I think the make-up was arranged for satisfactorily. The incident illustrates the holy woman's flare for show-business. She is a great show-woman. The Sabbath varieties at Angelus Temple are as good as the Orpheum any day and much better than Pantages.

A brass band in uniforms of gold and blue plays the overture, usually one of Sousa's marches. Then come single and double acts, singing, banjo playing, a jazzy selection on the xylophone or tableaux vivants representing dramatic incidents from the Bible. There is applause. Encores are taken. All with a smart professional air.

But Aimee herself is the big show. Timing her entrance at the right spot, after the audience has warmed up, she suddenly appears in a dead silence on a balcony overlooking the auditorium. Amid a storm of hand-clapping, she walks the length of the balcony and then descends a flight of stairs leading to the stage. She walks down the stairs between a double row of the chorus—tall girls wearing the white dress and blue cape of their leaders, and with their hair done up in puffs exactly like Aimee's.

When she takes her place on the rostrum another chorus—mixed of men and women, the latter dressed in a different kind of white uniform minus the cape—marches in singing. Aimee is master of the art of procession—an effective device which the Catholic Church borrowed from paganism, but which the evangelical denominations have permitted to lapse woefully.

* * *

Predominant in the temple ritual is that phase of Christian expression traceable to the old worship of Cybele and Attis. The terminology handed down from the early Christians, who adopted it, has been preserved in the temple worship. The high priestess publishes a magazine called *The Bridal Call*. Her ser-

mons abound in allusions to the bride of the lamb, the marriage of Christ and his Church, all the ancient oriental mysticism that fired the senses of early sex worshippers.

From all of which it might be implied that the holy woman had succeeded in sublimating her sex instinct. But can any bride of the lamb be satisfied eventually with the trimmings and terminology of sex worship—the shadow and not the substance?

Many a faithful but unseductive wife has gazed doubtfully upon that vibrant figure officiating at the temple rites: the intimate baptismal ceremony—healing by the laying on of hands—dithyrambic visitations of the Holy Ghost when the faithful jump and shout and speak with tongues. Many a withering Philemon has seen and sighed and wondered.

"My land sakes! David ain't never showed sech strong religious convictions before. Not in thirty year of married life. When Reverend Biederwolf held that big revival back home, why David was only luke warm. But now—land sakes! He can shout amen louder than a hungry harvest hand at a basket meeting!"

* * *

Imagine for a moment that you are a retired grocer, aged fifty-three, from Sioux City. You have made your modest pile and have come to spend the remainder of your days in ease, finally to lay your desiccated bones in Southern California—that soft and fragrant paradise of all good Iowans.

But you are still pestered with rheumatism. Gee-crickety! How that left laig stings on a foggy morning! You hear about Angelus Temple and the healing sessions indulged in there. You drive out in your Nash and you are lucky enough to get a seat right down front. You ease yourself into it painfully. Your leg hurts so you can hardly bend it.

Now imagine your feeling when a voluptuous creature in a white, low-necked costume, eyes swimming with love for the human race, bends over and puts her warm, plump hand on your rheumatic left leg. Abide with me now—O precious Saviour!

You feel the power flooding your parched veins like holy fire. The power is so strong you can hardly keep your seat. . . . Those soft eyes beaming benediction. . . . That warm breath on your cheek. . . !

And when the hand at last is removed, up you jump. Praise the Lord, I'm healed! Hallelujah!

You can walk on your left leg now all right. You feel you could even dance—if it wasn't sinful.

Such healings are frequent at the temple. The laying on of hands is a regular part of the ceremony. An unusually large number of patients are men—past the meridian—little, dust-gray men whose lives have been shriveled and consumed in the cornfields of Iowa, the small business

houses of Kansas, of Missouri, of Nebraska.

These men will tell the world that the days of wonders are not past. No indeedy! When Sister Aimee lays on the hands, members that have been limp and listless for a period antedating the performance of the Black Crook Company at the

Masonic Opera House in 1896, feel the power and magically revive.

Glory to God! A miracle!

* * *

But the Davids and the Jonathans of the cornfields and the corner groceries are merely the sheep of this sheepfold. Dumb, unreasoning followers.

There is another group—the initiates—the inner circle—the priesthood—the bright, good-looking, business-like young men who are being trained for evangelism in the Bible School; the new radio operator, the leader of the band, the press agent too—yes, confound it! I should have taken that job!



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

HE WAS ALWAYS FIGHTING

Debs was no pale saint with a lily in his hand; his humanitarianism was fierce and hard; he fought the class struggle in the front line trenches; he organized the railwaymen; he led bloody strikes; he defended the Herrin miners against the coal octopus; he stood by Soviet Russia in its darkest days; he went to Atlanta Penitentiary for his opinions.



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AN OPEN LETTER

August 24, 1926

DEAR MICHAEL GOLD:

I have read several numbers of the *NEW MASSES* and they make me wish you well and damnation to one or two editorial presumptions.

(1) You begin your approach to life and to the historical accounting of life by believing that labor is fundamentally right and capital fundamentally wrong.

(2) You ought to know that labor always believes itself fundamentally right and capital always believes itself fundamentally right.

(3) What *is* right is that organized labor is never right and organized capital is never right, because organized opinion and emotion never can be right.

(4) What you ought to know is that you cannot make a literary journal out of a political journal, because beer and wine don't mix.

(5) You believe that where there are present large quantities of organized indignation or faith there may be the foundations of a literature, and you make a bad start because you do not know that literature is not to be had out of organized force. The ribs and muscles and heart of literature itself are begotten to organize force where there is no force, and to establish force, not to capture it.

(6) The history of the labor party is the history of a party, not a cause. The cause of labor is the cause of humanity, and humanity has never been the exclusive possession of any party.

(7) What labor needs is not leaders but a leading cause. It is leading causes that get what they want, not causes with leaders who lead.

(8) What labor needs, if it needs anything, is pushers not leaders. There isn't any man strong enough to pull a thing as big as labor over the top with him. Neither is there a man who can do this for capital.

(9) However, there are a few men who can pull a trigger, kick a mule into action, or fire dry wood.

(10) Labor is like capital: it needs something Behind it, not something Before. There is too much Leading, not enough Pressure behind the march.

(11) THE *NEW MASSES* has a good cow-catcher, but it needs pistons.

(12) I've had tuberculosis in both lungs since I was seventeen. From seventeen until I was twenty-two, when I entered the army, I rarely got enough to eat. I hustled and jumped for a living in America and I hated the workingman for making labor what it is—not the capitalist, who makes only capital what it is.

(13) The laboring-man can control labor, the capitalist can control capital. It is when each man gets

swell-headed and thinks he is the other fellow, that things go wrong.

(14) Why don't you start a journal of capitalism for laborers?

(15) When I read the *New York Times* and such filthy sheets in their accounts of labor affairs I want to sail for Russia and become a Communist. And when I read the *NEW MASSES* I want to live on Fifth Avenue and watch labor starve in Central Park.

(16) Lies never got anything for very long because men do not live in books and magazines but in streets and houses and on wages and incomes.

(17) That a rich man can cheat with money proves the disloyalty of labor, not of wealth. Wealth has only the significance which labor chooses to give it.

(18) Labor ought to have a literature, but it hasn't because

(19) you can't make literature out of one side of a story.

(20) One-sided stories are propaganda, not literature.

(21) Literature is not the written word but the believed word. And the honest word.

(22) The mistake you make in believing in labor is that you believe that the unfortunate masses are always the honest masses.

(23) Poverty is not a proof of honesty. I found that out when I hustled and jumped for my dinner in America.

(24) What the *NEW MASSES* could do is to give both capital and labor something to fight for, not something to fight over.

(25) If labor is to have a literature, it must have a standard, and that means it must have a taste and free writers. It cannot have free writers unless labor frees its writers from the necessity of trying to make a story or a poem out of labor propaganda.

(26) A good labor magazine ought to print good reading, and good reading is not a poem or a story that makes a scarecrow out of humanity in order to protect the vanity of labor, and to persuade labor that it always gets the worst of things.

(27) Acknowledge the dignity of labor. Don't make labor perform as the clergy make Christ perform in order to get the clergy heard.

(28) Get labor to read, not about labor's sufferings, but about capital's pleasures.

(29) Labor needs not revolution but evolution. Don't ask capital to answer labor's prayers. Make the laborer understand why he is a laborer rather than why the capitalist is a capitalist. Find the laborer's literature for him by finding his personal name. The Labor Movement is a rotten name for any move-

ment. The *NEW MASSES*—new for what?—The Labor Movement?

(30) If I could find a labor group to go where I'd go and fight as I'd fight, I'd get behind and *push* them until they led me into the promised land. But labor—organized labor—is, like all organized idealism and courage, a measured idealism and courage, and for that a man cannot waste his life. I am outside. Outside where Russia is, and where Ireland was, and where Ghandi still is. The trouble with organized labor is that it is inside like capital is inside.

(31) Stop bowing to your New York contemporaries: The New Republic, The Nation, etc. Get outside and strive for the frontier. Godalmighty, Walt Whitman was a poet, not a laboring man. There isn't any difference between the Army and a Union. When you borrow your enemies' weapons you lose the fight. Make your enemies borrow your weapons and be sure they *are* your weapons.

Yours for the *NEW MASSES*,
Ernest Walsh

A NOTE ON ERNEST WALSH

AS THIS issue of the *NEW MASSES* went to press, there came the following note from Ethel Moorhead in Italy:

"Ernest Walsh died at the age of thirty-one at Monte Carlo on October 16, 1926. He was an American, and America remains America, but a quality of it which was fused in him intensely is lost. Before he came to Europe he had done with the typical experience with America: the making of his living in hard conditions, the army years, the post-war readjustment of conviction. This—with tuberculosis—complicating the experience. No matter how little energy or emotion he had given to life, it would always have been too much taken from his body. With this true of him he gave with a ferocity that would have burned black the soul of a small man. And he demanded a response that few had the honesty or courage to give."

So it is too late to answer Walsh's open letter, one of the last documents he wrote. He did much with his short life. He published two numbers of *This Quarter*, a magazine precious in some moods, a bit self-immured in the sterile circle of professional literature, but a strong, passionate magazine, honest as youth and reflecting its editor. Walsh had done no real thinking on social problems. His letter is typical of the ignorance of history and economics (the social life of man) that afflicts most of our literary men. Yet, despite himself, he was an expression of the post-war rebellion of the best elements of the middle class against all that grand

lie comprised under the term Woodrow Wilsonism—against the false rhetoric, the false, polished feelings, all that verbose, comfortable, liberal and treacherous world that produced H. G. Wells in literature and the Versailles treaty in politics.

Walsh was sick in body, but his writing was rugged and sane and courageous. He was too honest for the good manners of the pre-war hypocrites. He spoke out. He was an artist, and would have made a wonderful writer in time had he broken through the professional esthetic group in which he came to live. Small sheltered minds can grow as excited over the flaws in a sonnet as other minds in the destruction of a city. Such battles suit the chamber-passion of Ezra Pound, but with Ernest Walsh it was a cannon-shooting butterflies. He might have come to the fitter task of civilizing America; he might have, had he lived, plunged into the American mass-life, which creates bigger artists than the café cliques of Paris and Italy.

As I say, his letter can be answered. Its chief shortcoming, from which all else flows, is that Walsh simply had never met even the American hints of the world revolutionary movement. I think this was a great loss to himself and to that movement.

Michael Gold

REVOLT OF THE TEACHERS

By MYRA PAGE

BERNARD Shaw who coined the phrase, "Those who can't do, teach," should have attended the fourth Congress of the Educational Workers' International, which met recently in Vienna. He would have found his phrase out of date.

In Vienna, now no longer "gay Vienna" but impoverished, sobered, there gathered delegates representing over 660,000 unionized teachers, to report on the problems and work of their national sections.

Being accustomed to American teacher-groups, I sniffed suspiciously for the academic atmosphere, with

its musty, abstract sentimentalism. It was lacking. The types of teachers in our Great Democracy were not to be found—from the young flapper who tries to impress everyone with the fact that though she is a school-marm, she really isn't a highbrow but a good sport, to the middle-aged "scholar," male and female, with its sweet, nearsighted smile.

In America, it is difficult to distinguish some teachers from preachers. One would never make that mistake with this group.

Vitality and freedom vibrated through all they did. It was evi-



POST-VOLSTEAD DECADENCE

Orange Drink Sot: Maurice, what would you do if a guy wrote you a letter calling you a sonnerbish. How would you handle it? The Bar-Keep: How'd I handle it? I'd handle it with resentment. I'd resent it!

denced in the clothes they wore, or rather didn't wear. Hats and white collars were few. Most of the teachers went bareheaded, indoors and out. Men and women wore blouses open at the throat and garments which Americans use only for hiking. By their tanned faces and hardened bodies, these teachers bore evidence of living as much in the open as in the classroom. Tweeds and homespuns: there were only three silk dresses in the entire crowd.

These individuals were bound as little by convention of thought and action as by conventions of dress. Their independence was taken for granted. In their attack on problems of education and organization they revealed a grasp of economic and social forces far beyond the old textbook and classroom type of understanding and a determination to share in directing and controlling these forces of modern life.

Such realism and initiative from teachers was so foreign to my experience that, but for the numerous brief cases and horn-rimmed spectacles, I would have doubted I was among the breed.

Through the Congress there ran a current of deep seriousness and splendid, unconscious courage. The reports of the delegates revealed why. The social conflicts, the poverty and suffering of postwar Europe and of the imperialist-besieged Orient have not passed the

teachers by. Neither has the Russian Revolution, where teachers have the task of building a new educational system.

Necessity has forced the intellectual workers of most parts of the world to a new way of living, and therefore to a new way of thought.

Here are some notes on the various delegates:

The *Bulgarian* teacher was a political exile. He reported anonymously. No teacher could legally represent Bulgaria. To do so would have meant his job—and his life perhaps. His report was smuggled out to him by his union. Formerly 3,500 members. Then the civil war. White terror. Union destroyed. Many teachers hanged, imprisoned, exiled. Scores forced out of their profession to manual work. Many fled to other countries. He made an appeal to the Teachers' International for aid for this section. The help was promised.

The *Roumanian*, likewise anonymous. Story similar. White terror. Union illegal. Under present regime, school system disintegrating. In rural schools, no chairs, desks, or windows. Pigs and chickens wander about the room. The Teachers' International has issued a report on Roumania by Barbusse and Vernochet, published by Barbusse in *Les Bourreaux*. Will Queen Marie mention that report to her American friends?

Reports from Greece, Spain, Portugal and Poland ran about the same. White Terror and the return of the dark ages.

The *Indo-Chinese* delegate described how French imperialism controls every phase of life in his land. No freedom for teachers or workers to organize economically or politically. Teachers dare not express opinions. Native teachers' salaries one-eighth of French teachers there. Only one-tenth of the children in school.

Italian representatives denied passports. Crossed frontier without them. Under Mussolini real trade-unionism had been destroyed. Only Fascist unions allowed. When one-tenth of workers in a factory vote under terrorist pressure for such a union, then it is declared "the choice of the workers." All real unions, including those of the teachers, now illegal. Violence rules everywhere. Militant teachers exiled — often secretly shot.

Austria. Growing unemployment among Austrian teachers. Low pay. In Vienna, where teachers are relatively well-paid, a Volksschullehrer (primary school teacher) earns 195.5 shillings a month for the first two years' work (less than \$20). The next two years 209.5. This, in view of the fact that the Government's minimum living budget calls for 200 shillings! As in Germany and most European countries, the teachers are

divided among three main unions,—the Catholic, the Nationalist and the Free or Socialist union.

The *English* teachers and their relation to the general strike. Militant work of the minority, organized in the Teachers' Labour League. Many members thrown out of teaching. Others arrested and sentenced to two months' hard labor.

Relatively good position of the *French, German and Belgian* teachers. However, the economic ups and downs affecting them more and more.

From *China, South America and Algeria*, reports and letters. Some could not afford to come. Others were refused passports.

In contrast to all this, the *Russian* teachers' report. There the educational workers, through their industrial union, have the task of organizing and developing the educational system, including the press. Wide scale experiments in modern pedagogy on the basis of the new social theories. Their problems and research were presented to the Congress for international discussion. The union includes 98 per cent of the teachers. Recent increase of wages from five to 30 per cent won on a national scale.

The Education Workers' International, which held this Congress, was established in 1920, on the initiative of the French and Italian national unions. It is a pioneer organization in the field of labor, both because it is the first international of union teachers actually to function, and because it is the first labor union organization since the World War to achieve the "united front." National sections of Right and Left unions—affiliated to Amsterdam or to Moscow—have united on the following basis:

"a) Class struggle for the liberation of the workers.

b) Struggle against imperialism and danger of war, and against world Fascism.

c) Recognition and acceptance of international discipline."

It is clear that this program is frankly revolutionary. But only in the United States would this raise a cry of alarm from the labor movement. In Europe and in the Orient, as well as in Mexico and South America, the unions maintain their Socialist traditions.

The Teachers' International, with its membership of 660,000 unionized teachers, is playing a significant rôle in the postwar European labor movement, and is destined to figure as significantly in the Eastern and Latin American countries. Along with the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Unity Committee, it is a force bringing Amsterdam and Moscow together on the basis of trade union solidarity.



DRAWING BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

POST-VOLSTEAD DECADENCE

Orange Drink Sot: Maurice, what would you do if a guy wrote you a letter calling you a sonnerbish. How would you handle it?
 The Bar-Keep: How'd I handle it? I'd handle it with resentment. I'd resent it!



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SMALL TOWN SINNERS

Up From Methodism, by Herbert Asbury. Knopf. \$2.00.

My old friend, Saul of Tarsus, pulled a good line when he remarked: "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." I don't know what place he was talking about, but it wasn't Farmington, Missouri. Neither sin nor grace, I gather from Herbert Asbury's *Up From Methodism*, did very well in Farmington.

It was tough luck for a boy like Herbert to be born in such a town. A boy in Farmington had to be either good or bad; and whichever way he jumped, he couldn't have much fun. He might join the Loyal Temperance Legion and repair to the Southern Methodist Church, where he could raise his right hand along with the other manly little fellows and shout:

*We hate Rum!
We hate Rum!
Our bodies will NEVER be ravaged
by drink!*

Or, in case that did not appeal to him, he might ally himself with the forces of evil, in which case he could hang around the livery stable and wait for old Tod, an epileptic colored gentleman, to have a fit.

As one grew to manhood in Farmington, the opportunities, both religious and licentious, were equally uninviting. One could become a pillar of the church and participate in the church quarrels, or become a sinner and meet "Hatrack," Farmington's part-time prostitute, at her headquarters in either the Catholic or the Masonic burial ground. So far as Mr. Asbury records, however, there wasn't anything in Farmington, either in the religious or the irreligious line, which remotely suggested that life could possibly be worth living. One could just go to the revivals and be saved from hell, or go to hell, as Herbert did, and be saved from the revivals.

As an indictment of small town life in an America which now, thank God or Satan or something, seems to be passing away, this book is well worth reading. The indictment may be overdrawn, but those of us who have ever done time in a church-ridden American village can furnish testimony to support its major charges. *Up From Methodism*, however, is hardly the name for it. In the first place, Herbert never had Methodism very seriously. He never really got the blessing. He was just emotionally black-jacked at a revival into hitting the saw-dust trail; and the minute the music stopped, he had a reaction.

It was at this point he relates that his brother came down the aisle and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey!" he said, "Mary says to stand up; you haven't been baptized."

"You tell her," I said, "to go to hell!" And then, a few minutes later, young Asbury, whose great-great uncle was the founder of Methodism in the United States and its first bishop, sneaked downtown and took his first drink; and by three in the morning, he had accumulated a beautiful bun. Under the circumstances, it can hardly be claimed that he came up from Methodism. Methodism gave him one wallop and he beat it, that is all. He did not come up from Methodism in any truer sense than the Methodists he tells about came up from sin. They never did sin for the simple reason that they never learned how. Sin is an art, not a mere emotional flare-up, and its technique must be developed. The average convert who says that he has been a great sinner is just bluffing. He is no more a sinner than the souse who monkeys with a buzz-saw is a carpenter. Methodism, I believe, has done a great service; not in keeping these folks from becoming sinners, but in persuading them to take up something which they could do instead. Methodism was not ideal, but it was practical. It was, everything considered, the easiest way. Almost anybody could be a Methodist if he devoted himself to the task: and although it might not get him much of anywhere in the end, he was less likely to contract certain diseases, and more likely on the whole to stay out of jail, than if he went in for the practice of sin in Farmington.

There was no chance, in the American small town, for anybody to live a human life. For human life is social and America was not. America was dedicated to individualism. Agriculturally, we were a nation of individually owned and operated square-mile tracts. In our villages, we were just a collection of competitive, profit-seeking stores, along with a few mills where each employee was expected to "fight his way to the top." This situation did violence all around to human nature. It did not remove man's natural passion—the passion to realize his life in the communal life—but it provided no outlet for this passion. The result was, whether one turned to Methodism or to sin, whether he seduced a girl or went to his knees in prayer, he did it strictly in the interest of Number One. Giving the girl a good time was farthest from his thoughts. If he decided to seduce her, he decided to "ruin" her; and if he decided to save her instead, he always made it plain that she must be saved from everything she really wanted to do.

Human life being impossible, one just had to find some substitute for it. Since people could not actually live communally, they had to imagine themselves in communion with a life which was greater than their own. That is where God came in handy. Communion with God might be a poor substitute for real communion with real beings, but in the Farmingtons, that was not the alternative.

In the Farmingtons, it was either communion with God, via Methodism, or a very unreal communion with such beings as "Hatrack." In fact, the so-called path of sin in Farmington might not even be as real as that. The boy who chose sin to salvation often found himself enmeshed in mysticism and unreality, quite as much as were the saved. There were no schools of vice in Farmington and no one to whom a youth could turn for intelligent instruction in iniquity. So the chances were that those who longed to go wrong never carried their resolution into overt action, but just stood around in front of the pool parlor and dreamed about how nice it would feel to make Hatracks out of the village virgins who happened to be walking by.

Mr. Asbury's book does not deal with that. He seems to blame Methodism for all the limitations that hedged his youth. He seems to feel that Methodism made the small town what it was, while I am convinced that the small town made Methodism what it was.

America, being so individualistic, had to have an individualistic religion if it was to have any religion at all. Catholicism, with its somewhat communal, cathedral-building traditions, could hardly flourish in such a soil. It could hold its adherents from Catholic countries overseas, and communities of such foreigners did not go in for joy-killing in the way the Farmingtons did. But they were un-American. In the American way of looking at things, even religion had to be a formula for personal salvation and the churches were just so many business enterprises in a competitive struggle to sell their respective formulas. This forced the Catholic Church to enter the struggle too, and it was not built for it. Catholicism wasn't anything that even its salesmen could argue about. So long as individualism held sway, Protestantism, especially joy-killing Methodism, just had to be.

But why did it insist primarily upon killing joy? Because human nature is social and cannot refrain from expressing itself in the lives of other human beings, no matter how much it may be committed to an individualistic theory. But with that theory to the fore, it could not ex-

press itself in any natural social life. It could express itself only in meddling. Knopf is perfectly right then, although it may take considerable study of the book to discover it, in saying on the jacket that *Up from Methodism* is a book which must be read if we wish to understand the sources of such phenomena as Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan and vice-crusading.

It is a good and a very well written story, but do not expect too much from it. Asbury gets nowhere in the end, except to an intolerant hatred of Methodism; nevertheless, the volume has a place somewhere in the literature of American revolt. Thumbing one's nose at the minister is not revolution but such gestures, if sufficiently encouraged, should help the revolution along.

As a devout advocate of sin, of course, I like the book. It is not written in an optimistic vein, but loyal sinners must be encouraged by it—Mr. Asbury, I believe, is still a young man, but the America he writes about has even now all but passed away. The Ku Klux and Fundamentalism could not revive it. They were just so many groans from those who felt its going and wanted desperately to bring it back. The younger generation now is neither Methodist nor anti-Methodist. It is not mobilizing to the tune of *We Hate Rum*, nor is it content to wish it had the nerve to do something naughty. It is actually experimenting, or so they tell me, with life. It is learning to sin; and sooner or later, it must develop some technique. Then we will have Bigger and Better Sins in America; and not the least among the benefits that will flow from such a situation is a Bigger and Better Religion. I have Apostolic authority for that statement: for where sin abounds, grace will much more abound.

Charles W. Wood

SERENADE

Come on, don't be afraid you'll spoil me
if you light the gas in your room
and show me
that you have heard my cries.
Are you so poor in kisses
that you're so stingy with them;
and is your heart so ravaged
that you won't let me pick there
one or two flowers
to stick in my jacket's button-hole?
I play my serenade
beating with my clenched fist
on a gong and a drum.
What I want is to give you
the sound of what a man is.
I love my eyes and lips
better than yours;
besides, the dampness of the night
pierces my shoes.
I can be as capricious
as you can be, don't worry!
Come on, open that window
or I'll go home.

Emanuel Carnevali

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"A LOST GENERATION"

The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway, Scribner's. \$2.00.

It's a dangerous thing to quote the Bible in the beginning of a book. It raises the readers' hopes as to the meatiness of the matters to be served up by the author, and sets up a standard of skill in word and phrase, not unbeatable, but pretty much unbeaten. This book starts out with Gertrude Stein saying, presumably to the author and his contemporaries, "You are all a lost generation," and with a passage from Ecclesiastes: "the passing of generations, the rising and going down of the sun, the whirling of the wind, the flowing of rivers into the sea."

Instead of these things of deep importance you find yourself reading about the tangled love affairs and bellyaches of a gloomy young literatizing Jew, of an English lady of title who's a good sport, and of a young man working in the Paris office of an American newspaper, the "I" who tells the story.

Backgrounds; Montparnasse, American Paris, the Dome, Rotonde Zelli's and the Select, then Pamplona during the fiesta of San Firmin.

It's an extraordinarily wellwritten book, so wellwritten that while I was reading it I kept telling myself I must be growing dough-headed as a critic for not getting it. Paris is a damned interesting place even at its most Bohemian; the fiesta at Pamplona is the finest in Spain and that means something! The people are so vividly put down you could recognize their faces on a passport photo. What the devil am I grumbling about anyway?

I suppose I want the generations, the sun also rising, the declamation of "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher," the rivers running into the sea and the sea not yet full. I have a right to expect it too. Hemingway's short stories have that.

I don't think that there is anything in the division that critics are always making between a subject and the way it is treated; a subject can be treated any way. A novel is an indissoluble entity made up of as many layers as an onion. The style of an onion is its layers. By the time you've peeled off all the layers there's no onion left. Then why am I saying the book is well written? I mean that anywhere I open it and read a few sentences they seem very good; its only after reading a page that the bottom begins to drop out. Maybe the trouble was sitting down to write a novel; maybe if it had been packed into a short unbroken story it would have given that feeling of meaning a lot to somebody, to everybody and to nobody that good work has got to have. As it is, instead of being the epic of the sun also rising

on a lost generation—there's an epic in that theme all right—a badly needed epic—this novel strikes me as being a cock and bull story about a lot of summer tourists getting drunk and making fools of themselves at a picturesque Iberian folk-festival—write now to Thomas Cook for special rate and full descriptive leaflet. It's heartbreaking. If the generation of young intellectuals is not going to lose itself for God's sake let it show more fight; if it is, let's find a good up-to-date lethal chamber that's never been used before.

There's a conversation between "I" and a certain Bill that gives you a feeling that maybe the author was worried about these things. Like most Americans when they are saying what they mean, he has inverted it all into wisecracks.

Bill says to "I":

"Say something pitiful."

"Robert Cohn."

"Not so bad. That's better. Now, why is Cohn pitiful? Be ironic."

He took a big gulp of coffee.

"Aw hell," I said. "It's too early in the morning."

"There you go. And you claim you want to be a writer too. You're only a newspaper man. You ought to be ironical the minute you get out of bed. You ought to wake up with your mouth full of pity."

"Go on," I said. "Who did you get this stuff from?"

"Everybody. Don't you read? Don't you ever see anybody? Don't you know what you are? You're an expatriate. . ."

"You're an expatriate. You've lost touch with the soil. You get precious. Fake European standards have ruined you. You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed by sex. You spend all your time talking, not working. You are an expatriate see? You hang around cafes."

There's a lot in it. This is a novel of Montparnassia for Montparnassians; if it weren't so darn well written I'd say by a Montparnassian. There's a lot of truth in the old saying that Paris is where good Americans go when they die. When a superbly written description of the fiesta of San Firmin in Pamplona, one of the grandest events in the civilized uncivilized world, reminds you of a travelbook by the Williamsons, it's time to call an inquest.

What's the matter with American writing anyway? Is it all just the Williamsons in different yearly models? If it is, the few unsad young men of this lost generation will have to look for another way of finding themselves than the one indicated here.

John Dos Passos

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HARLEM MELODRAMA

Nigger Heaven, by Carl Van Vechten.
A. A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Nigger Heaven is a spirited, jazzy picture of the life of the New York Negro. The story is superficial in theme, obvious in technique, and forced in finale. Its staccato style, swift rhythms and passionate episodes, however, save it from the graceless delay of phrase and fact that so often characterize mediocre fiction.

Nigger Heaven is noteworthy, nevertheless, because it is part of a new and progressive attitude in American fiction. American literature is absurdly bountiful with racial antipathy and social atavism. It has never freed itself from economic prejudice. Racial antagonisms, however, are beginning to disappear. The Negro, part of a submerged class, has until recently, performed in fiction the parts reserved for inferior figures and minor themes. In a play like Dion Bouicault's *The Octoroon*, which appeared in 1859, we find an illustration of one attitude that prevailed. A single drop of Negro blood was sufficient to derogate a character to obscurity or ridicule—or social sacrifice. In Thomas Nelson Page's stories the good "nigger" is exploited. In Octavius Roy Cohen's hilarious caricatures another attitude is manifest. Here an entire race is travestied for the sport of the *Saturday Evening Post* intelligentsia. Utilizing hatred instead of absurdity, Dixon's literary atrocity the *Klansman* and Griffith's cinematographic miscarriage *The Birth of a Nation* fall into the same category. With the changing economic conditions of the twentieth century, however, the migration of the Negro to the North, the advance of education among Negroes and the crystallization of what today is known as the new Negro, a changed reaction toward the Negro in literature has become

conspicuous. While the Dixons and Cohens still thrive, the more serious literature of our age has repudiated their reaction. In Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, for example, even in Tully's recent *Black Boy*, or in Waldo Frank's *Holiday*, the Negro has attained the sincere and sympathetic treatment that a significant character merits. From a minor, he has become a protagonist.

In Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* this new tendency is again exemplified. The Negro is not only the protagonist—he is the entire theme of the novel.

While *Nigger Heaven* is superior in social motif to the majority of contemporary novels, its deficiencies are not a few. In the first place, it is sentimental and theatric. It does not reach down into the roots of the life of the Negro; it does not touch the social forces operative in the catastrophe of race-prejudice which is part of its substance. Its characters are clear-cut, understandable types, yet they never grip the reader by their intensity of conception or by their subtlety of design. They are only the embodiment of histrionic form, gesturing like painted puppets on the canvas of an imaginary stage. The most vivid chapters, the ones devoted to the cabarets and balls, are those in which the individual is lost in the swirl of the multitude. Its tragic denouement is bowery melodrama.

In conclusion, we must add that while *Nigger Heaven* is progressive in its attempt to give the Negro a serious portrayal, it is inadequate as a picture of his life. The novel is, after all, but a flash of Harlem, a glimpse of the New York Negro in moments of intoxication and passion. It is entertaining but not consuming, vivid but not vigorous, arresting but not impressive.

V. F. Calverton

VAN DOREN UNSUBMERGED

The Ninth Wave, by Carl Van Doren. Harcourt Brace & Co. \$2.00.

Carl Van Doren's first published novel is on the whole more interesting and more important than anything he has done in criticism. It is not a great novel in the sense, for instance, that Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is a great novel. But it is intelligent, readable, original, and indigenous. It is even corn-fed, if you will, or perhaps, if you won't, because the imagination has to jump a little to recognize the suave of American critics as essentially neither more nor less than one of our middle-western creators. It is that, of course, which has made him a good critic, barring the confounded and confounding tolerance which is part-

ly instinctive, partly philosophic, and partly, one feels, the inevitable concomitant of the scholastic phase which Mr. Van Doren seems now determined to shed. Mr. Van Doren has something to say for himself directly. When he has said it, it is quite possible that he will bring to his criticism a point of view somewhat less detached, less tolerant, but measurably more intense and penetrating.

Most American creators work their patterns upon our American confusion less with their minds than by a series of vital artistic reflexes. They are like swimmers starved for air, whose muscles bring them temporarily and often none too securely to the surface, dripping with the fas-

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cinating and highly infected ooze of our American facts and mores. Their books, consequently, have content—lots of it; frequently more than sheer will and muscle is able to order and interpret, as witness Sherwood Anderson.

Mr. Van Doren is different. He was educated young and he has never been submerged except perhaps to a degree by the academic environment and by the inevitably distorting and limiting effects of his eminence as a critic. That, of course, is something, and Mr. Van Doren makes a good deal of it in *The Ninth Wave*, which is frankly autobiographic. Its content is not exactly thin, but it strikes one as being almost too intelligent, or rather too mental, to be true.

There are incredible things in *The Ninth Wave*: happiness, true love, love unrequited and forever faithful, tragedy clearly perceived

but stopped short of experience by the deft hand of a serene sophistication. Can such things be in America? Evidently they are, because they are rather convincingly narrated and accompanied by much careful observation and shrewd characterization. This too is America, a kind of sunny clearing in the wilderness.

One insists, however, that the wilderness is the thing: this dark, morose, faithless, catastrophic America, through which Dreiser, charging like a blind rhinoceros, drives a wide and revealing path.

This does not mean that one wants Mr. Van Doren to be Dreiser. His own contribution is valid and his method is serviceable. One hopes cheerfully that he will shovel more chaos into his mill and one is inclined to wait confidently for new syntheses, both critical and creative.

James Rorty

JOB FOR TAMMANY HALL

Crime and the Criminal, by Philip Archibald Parsons. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

Professor Parsons here assembles data about crime and the criminal. His presentation seems impartial, although he does visibly lean upon the hope that the pathological condition of the criminal is the explanation of his activity. The Prof seems unaware that this idea is practically valueless in view of the fact that all human activity at present can be similarly explained. We are living in a pathological society.

But with Wall Street and Broadway in sight, Mr. Parsons leaves for Vienna in search of misty and mystical complexes to explain New York crime. His panacea is a letting loose of Freudian sociological specialists at

the criminal. Besides the fact that his specialists would be too over-specialized, he doesn't hint that similar specialists are needed to handle the problem of bettering the behavior of Fundamentalist preachers, traitorous labor union officials, politicians, rent and fare gougers, food monopolists and adulterators, literary prostitutes, fake real estate and advertising Napoleons, night club proprietors, poodle dogs' Park Avenue mistresses, newspaper editors, etc., etc., all of whom, working together, create crime and criminals.

He doesn't say, either, who his specialists are, where they can be found nor how they might be developed. Presumably both the Republican and Democratic parties are equipped to find and appoint them.

John Coffey

MEAT FOR A MARXIAN

Sutter's Gold, by Blaise Cendrars. Translated from the French by Henry Longman. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

This is the story of America's only uncrowned king, dispossessed of his kingdom by the sovereignty of squatters; of the wealthiest man in the western world who died a pauper, ruined by a shifting in economic values caused by the discovery of gold (on his own land by one of his men), of one of the greatest landed proprietors of all times whose land titles could not be protected by a government which was dedicated to the sacredness of private property; of Johann August Sutter, Swiss adventurer, and father of California.

He came to the golden coast at an opportune moment. The Mexican republic, succeeding to the shadowy power of Old Spain in the new world, had just disestablished that

last vestige of sacerdotal feudalism, the California Missions, and had given up their wealth to the plunder of soldiers of fortune. The famous Missions crumbled to ruins. This was 1832.

Sutter landed with sixteen determined rascals, a bunch of shanghaied Kanakas, and boundless ambitions. He got from Governor Alvarado an immense grant of land in the Sacramento Valley, a region given up to wild grass and low-grade Indians. Within an incredibly short time Sutter established a military post, defended by a disciplined military force; he had the virgin sod cleared and planted; he set up a practically independent dominion, containing the town of New Helvetia, on the site of the present city of Sacramento, numerous villages, vast plantations, orchards, vineyards, irrigation systems, roads, bridges, docks

for foreign trade, several essential industries; he had his own ships plying between European and Pacific ports; he had a strong credit in foreign banks; he bought enormous tracts along the coast, the Russian concessions, the barren sandhills where San Francisco stands, Venicia, and Riovista. He maintained with diplomatic shrewdness a detachment from the imbrolios of California politics, finally manoeuvring for a position of great advantage to the United States government and allowing an almost bloodless seizure of California during that filibustering expedition humorously known as the War with Mexico. He was the largest and wealthiest landholder in the Union.

When one morning, in 1848, his foreman, a man named Marshall, brought in some chunks of gold he had found in the mill stream, Sutter saw the sign of his doom. The discovery was everyman's secret over night. Then came the invasion of the barbarians and the unearthing of raw gold, mountains of gold. Economic values were overturned. According to the current standards of that remote coast, Sutter had been a multi-millionaire, but what were his thousands to the millions buried in the Sierra foothills, waiting simply the spade and the cradle? He had no means of holding labor against the irresistible drag of the mines. His workmen and laborers deserted, his villages emptied; his ships rotted at the docks. The gold-seekers overran his lands, occupied his buildings, helped themselves to his goods,

his tools, his harvests. Cities sprang up on his property. Sand lots in San Francisco brought Wall Street prices.

Sutter had no protection against those hordes, no legal recourse. The government of the United States was operative through local lynch law, later through unlettered local alcaldes and finally, in the face of the accomplished fact, it was quite helpless to insure its own form of "justice" against the overwhelming pressure of a land-hungry, gold-demented, and armed populace. It just forgot about General Sutter and his preposterous claims.

Sutter never quite understood the nature of the catastrophe that overtook him. His was a feudal system which worked under his really astute management as long as he could control the currency. But cheap gold made Sutter a monarch without subjects. The royal exchequer dwindled to insignificance. His hirelings spurned the wages he offered them. Every man became his own boss, taking his wage from the earth.

Dazed by the catastrophe Sutter engaged in a ludicrous and tragic effort to secure "simple justice." He became a prey of shyster lawyers, and died on the steps of the Capitol believing he was about to be awarded a hundred million dollars.

Blaise Cendrars has told the story in a style terse, elliptical, nervously graphic, and staccato. The emphasis is laid on the psychology of the man rather than on the economic revolution which undid him, but the latter ought to make good meat for a Marxian historian.

George Cronyn

PARNASSUS IN A BOG

Which Way Parnassus? by Percy Marks. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00

Percy Marks has written a book on "college problems." He avows the intention of traveling the middle of the road; he elaborately and gravely balances "the good and the bad," and he arrives in the swamp.

There is something horribly reminiscent in the spectacle. It reminds one of the college "English" classes, wherein an instructor, having nothing to say, meets an audience composed of those who wouldn't give a damn if he had. So together they take any topic whatever—perhaps a railroad—and proceed to find the good and bad in it, which is always possible. The railroad has watered stock—that's bad. But a railway locomotive is a beautiful sign of progress. That's good. Balancing off this good and this bad, there is obviously nothing to conclude. So you let it go with the decision that "we can't get along without railroads." This sounds reasonable, and thank heavens the hour

is up, and we are sixty minutes nearer having an education and a diploma.

Marks' book is significant in a very painful way. It echoes the platitudes of what has now become a decade of college criticism; and in these ten years this criticism has accomplished next to nothing. Why?

Well, at bottom it is to be suspected that Percy Marks and the college liberals, most of them, have no independent standpoint; their character and desires differ not at all from the character of those whom they set out to criticize—except in a certain restlessness and softness. Hence, though they go questing, they end up exactly where their more naive, Babbity companions have always stayed.

Percy Marks begins his book with a desire that colleges get rid of unqualified students in order to serve the "intelligent" ones; but by the time he has come to discussing fraternities, he is ready to find it reasonable that the social clubs continue



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Sennacieca Asocio Tutmonda

SAT is a United Front Organization of the Workers—Esperantists that aims to utilize the language Esperanto for Class Purposes of the Workers.

SAT is not a political but a cultural proletarian organization that took upon itself the task to educate and enlighten its members in the extra-national (sans-nationalistic) spirit.

SAT is fulfilling this task, step by step, by the publication of a weekly paper "SENNACIULO," its contents being social—political—a monthly magazine "SENNACIECA REVUO," literary—scientific—pedagogical—and by publication of a series of interesting, instructive, priceless books.

SAT has yearly international congresses which are being visited by comrades of all countries.

SAT is fighting against national instigations and stultifications, against imperialism and its wars, against oppression and exploitation of the proletarian class by the capitalist society.

SAT fights for the realization of the slogan "PROLETARIANS OF THE WORLD UNITE!"

SAT has members in all the six continents of the globe. Its apparatus makes it possible for individuals and organizations of mutual purposes, for small clubs and big associations, to find valuable help and support in their World Relations.

SAT already had often extended practical service to international organizations that are based on Class Struggle.

SAT is the only and unique World Organization of the Workers—Esperantists that is founded on the Class Struggle.

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to shun the brilliant man, because, forsooth, he makes them uncomfortable!

Again, setting out to list impartially "the good and the bad," before he has gone ten pages, Mr. Marks can't bear the mood; he runs back to Alma Mater, crying:

"She may be a slattern or a slut, but she is beautiful, and no one has a right to say anything about her, good or bad, and neglect her beauty."

Since when has college become a person, nay, a goddess in her own right, more important in her demands than those who care for education?

Were the college liberals able ever to get away from their sentimentality about college, and to hold in

their minds that not college but education is the subject, that not the transcendental "something" which college represents over and above her physical self but the very visible young Americano is the object, they might become radical. They might even be able to think of education entirely without colleges! They might begin to think about the nature of education, and about the nature of colleges, and try to see whether the two are really reconcilable. Mr. Marks, going about in his random way digging up problems, might have made a stunning contribution to the study of colleges, had he realized the significance of his material.

Douglas P. Haskell

REVOLUTION EXPLAINED

Moses in Red, by Lincoln Steffens. Dorrance and Co. \$1.75.

We all see all things through ourselves—nature or man. To the bass-drum preacher Christ is a swash-buckler, thirsty for blood. The late war to end war was a Christian War. So to Steffens the "muck-raker," Moses is the rebel, the strike leader.

Moses in Red is a book of the philosophy of revolution. It teaches that revolutions, like cyclones and rain have their natural causes and whirl along in a fixed course. Revolutions are made not by the discontented mob, but by the unyielding masters who exploit them—not by revolutionists, but by the blind few who beg for evolution, yet block its course until the dam bursts. Steffens thinks that revolution is one step in evolution and is made humanly necessary by the obstinacy of the Pharaohs.

That is the core of Steffens' thesis. The revolt of the slave-Jews under Moses the Red, the harshness of Pharaoh, the captain of industry; the flight, the fights, the slave psychology of the mass, (longing for slavery and the flesh pots of shorter hours and larger wages), the wandering in the wilderness till a younger generation of determined rebels could enter the Promised Land.

Steffens points out that the road to democracy and freedom is a long and hard one. He insists that dictatorships are the sometimes necessary concomitants of progress or they would not so invariably rise as the fruit of revolutions. This is a scientific statement of a laboratory fact and not an approval of it as an ultimate goal. Steffens has fought too hard for freedom of discussion to leave any doubt about that.

Steffens says Jesus came to save sinners, but he (Steffens) comes with his little book to save the righteous because they are so much more in need of salvation than the sinners. This is true. All our troubles, our wars, our wage slavery, our interference with human liberty of soul and body come from the "good people." Always the *Unco Guid*.

A copy of this book should be sent by the Gideons to every "good person"—to every mill owner, mine owner, banker and captain of industry. One of these will read it. If they do, they will not understand it, but it will harden their hearts. They will want to jail Steffens and the publishers—but they must not jail this reviewer—for he is consistently for free speech and peaceful evolution.

Charles E. Scott Wood

YOUTH

I am dry wood stacked and waiting for a spark.

I am a typewriter on a desk in a Long Island real estate office waiting for the old typist to come and make out the daily deeds.

She's dead—

I am waiting.

I am a race horse five minutes before the race, waiting for my jockey to get on my back and use his whip.

He is in the hospital with a broken neck. I threw him in the last race and they can't find another.

I am waiting.

I am electric power waiting for the switch to be thrown.

Naiman Adler

*All the working masses
will go to the greatest*

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